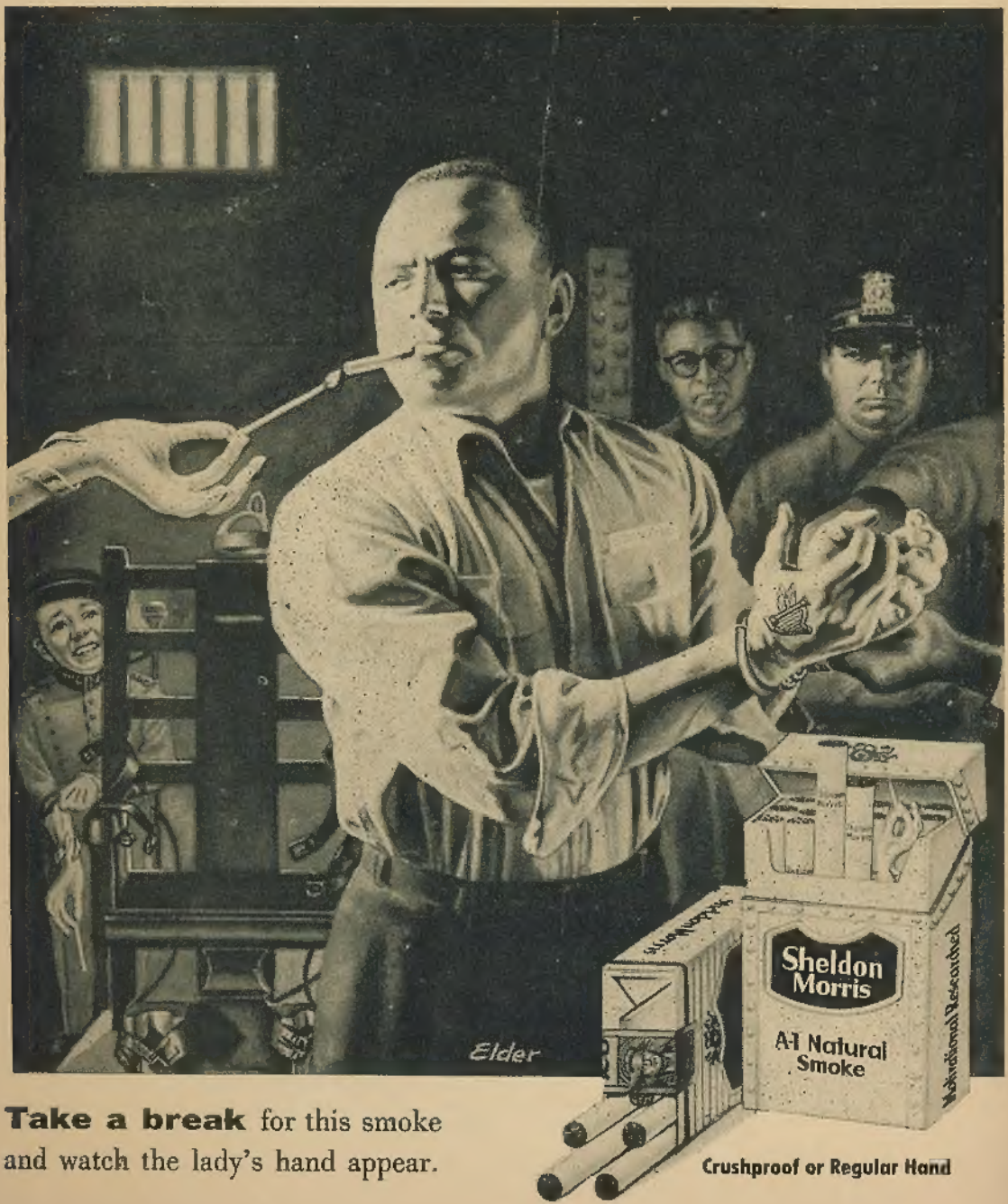
15¢

CDC

OCTOBER 57

HUMBUG

New SHELDON MORRIS gives pure natural smoke



Take a break for this smoke and watch the lady's hand appear.

Crushproof or Regular Hand

EDITOR/HARVEY KURTZMAN MANAGER/HARRY CHESTER STAFF ART/ JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, AL JAFFEE (EDIT), ARNOLD ROTH (EDIT) CONTRIBUTORS/ BLECHMAN, LAWRENCE SIEGEL, IRA WALLACH.

MAIL POURS IN

Dear editor Harvey Kurtzman:

As I go over your latest masterpiece, I believe you might make a profit. The size isn't too big. The paper isn't as good as I find in bathrooms, and only a light shade of purple is used instead of color. But the humor is there, and that's what counts . . .

George Metzger
Oroville, Calif.

YOU'RE BACK! My friendly neighborhood grocer showed me "Humbug" and told me it was a condensed version of Trump and that all I had to do to get it (Trump) was to dissolve a package of "Vigaro" in a glass of water and soak Humbug in the mixture. Well, I didn't get Trump but I did get some very interesting results.

The sickly looking vine on the cover is now a fine example of lush tropical undergrowth and I take the picture of you to the barber regularly.

Mike Andrews
LaGrande, Ore.

H. Kurtzman
"taken to the barber regularly"

. . . I'm glad to see Bill Elder, Jack Davis and Wally Wood back together again because I think they are the best cartoonists in the whole wide world.

Ben Brown
Tarboro, N. C.

As some of you may have noticed, Artist Wally Wood has not contributed to our magazine beyond a page in issue #1. As much as we would like to have more work by Wally, economy forces us to wait till future issues for more Woodwork. —ed.

Are Jack Davis and Will Elder complete idiots? They must be to keep making these mistakes. Mistake No. 1: On page 9, in "The Keeper of the Gelded Unicorn," the opening paragraph describes Warren of Hastings as having dark un-

continued

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HUMBUG OF THE MONTH . 3
FISHING LURES 4
BACK TO SCHOOL 5
HAY FEVER 8
THE O.K. CORRAL 9
RADIATION 12
PAGAN PLACE 13
SUMMER TV 18
BASEBALL'S NEW HOMES . . 19
GET OFF MY GALAXY 21
HIGHWAYS 23
YOU ARE THERE THEN 29

HUMBUG, OCT., 1957, VOL. 1, NO. 3, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC., ED. OFFICE: 598 MADISON AVE., N.Y.C.; OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: DERBY, CONN. APPLICATION FOR SECOND CLASS MAIL PRIVILEGES PENDING AT DERBY, CONN. POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY SUBMISSIONS. NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MANUSCRIPTS. PRINTED IN U.S.A. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED 1957 BY HUMBUG PUBLISHING CO., INC. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN PEOPLE AND PLACES MENTIONED IN THE FICTION AND SEMI-FICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. SUBSCRIPTIONS: SEND TO HUMBUG, 598 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y. IN THE U.S., ITS POSSESSIONS, THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION AND CANADA, $3.00 FOR FOURTEEN ISSUES. ELSEWHERE ADD $3.00 FOR POSTAGE.

ruly hair. If the man in Will Elder's drawing has dark unruly hair, it must be slicked back with chicken fat. Mistake No. 2: On page 24, in "Fleeing the Apache . . . and 'you know who' gets killed," you show the man on the stretcher with an arrow going through both him and the stretcher. This means that he must have been shot after he was on the stretcher. Now, what I want to know is—if he hadn't been shot yet, what was he doing on the stretcher in the first place?

Doug Brown
Ann Arbor, Michigan

"Only when a juggler misses catching his ball does he appeal to me."—Kahlil Gibran (1883-1931).

But the juggler can pick his ball up and try again. It is a great delight to your many fans scattered over the U.S. that you are doing just that.

I remember when I started building a model plane once that had a six-foot wing span. Took me almost two months just to build the wing. Finally I finished it one night about 11:30 and leaned it up against a corner by my bed. As I was getting into bed the cover slipped off my bed and snapped the wing right in half. I never built another model after that.

Bob Stewart
Mobile, Alabama

By the way, the $5.00 bill is missing from my book.

Chuck Gitlin
Bronx, N. Y.

I looked in my newsy's cash register. He didn't even have a five. I think one of you cut it out before you put the rag together. And the nickel didn't work in his pinball machine either. It clogged it up...

Robert Rothermel
Reading, Pa.

Yes, you were right, the dealer cut out the fiver that was destined to be mine . . .

Raymond Lafrancois
Pittsfield, Mass.

. . . My newsdealer cut out my fin.

Janet Green
Plainview, L. I.

To readers who find their $5.00 bills already cut out, do not despair. One of our artists is hard at work on a $100 bill that we will try and print in a subsequent issue. —ed.

I met Humbug with the sort of feelings your old war mags gave me. You met with one retreat, one defeat, and still can attack. Weakly, but with quality. It's an example of extreme fortitude, courage, nerve, and sheer guts. I'd like to thank you for giving me a few laughs.

All in all it was a good readable mag. The price should help you sell. The circulation doesn't seem to be too good, but that's just here I imagine. (I've been trying to get the new OTHER WORLDS magazine for a month now. Things are all loused up in circulation.)

Billy Trotter
Charlotte, N. C.

Things certainly are loused up in circulation. Because of business upheavals in the magazine distribution industry, magazines are having trouble getting onto newsstands. If you miss a particular magazine, ask your newsdealer to get it in. As in many businesses, it is the public that wields the strongest influence. —ed.

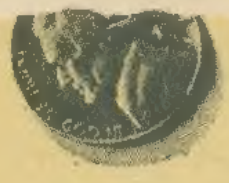
. . . We got a big kick out of the Southern Dictionary excerpts. And we would like to see a lot more if it is at all possible.

David Veltmen
Thomas Farrell
Copiague, N. Y.

The complete Southern Dictionary can be had for 25c by writing the News and Courier, 134 Columbus St., Charleston, S. C. The money goes to a worthy charity. —ed.

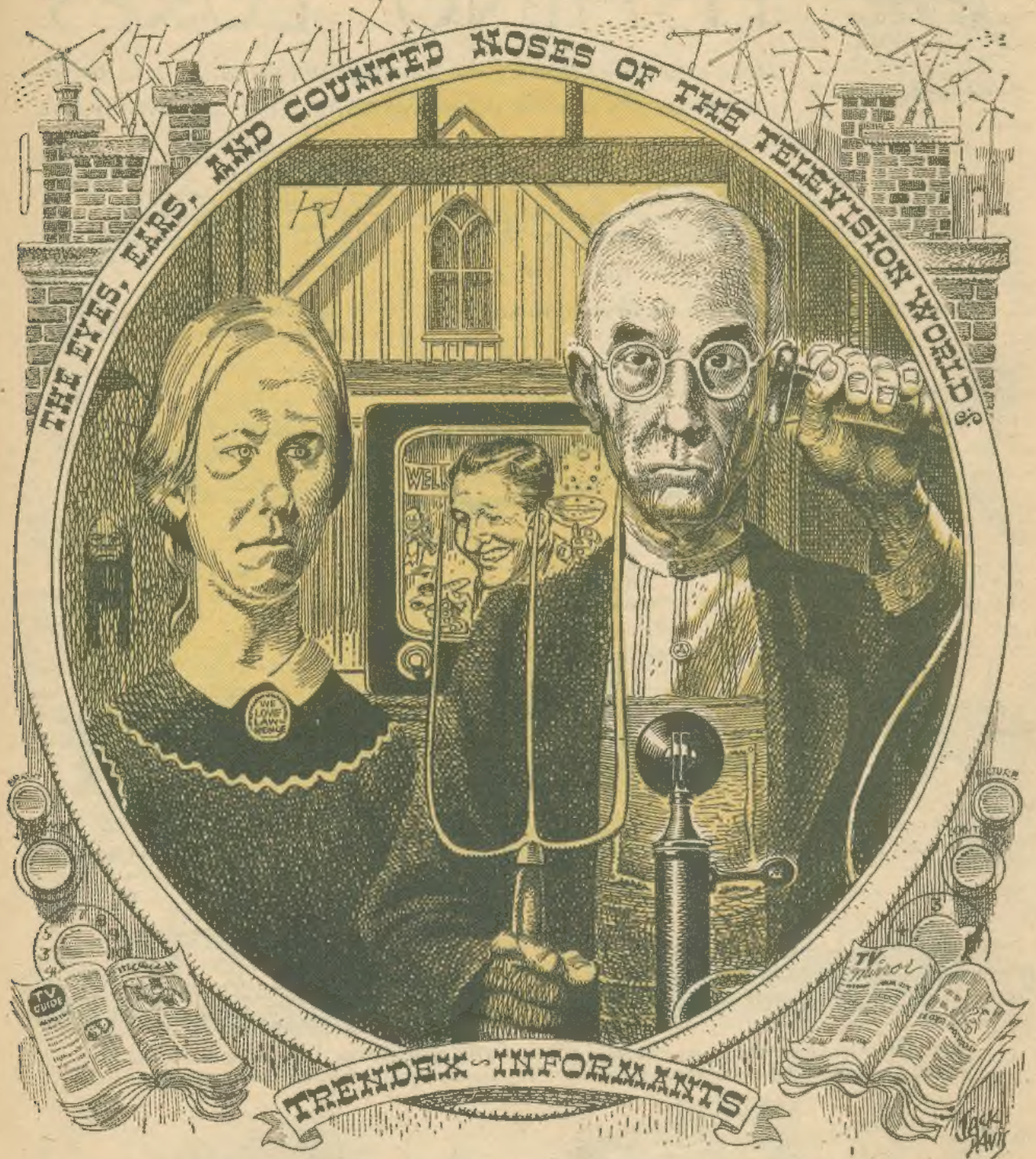
Address all correspondence to
Humbug
598 Madison Avenue
New York 22, N. Y.

sents herewith, fine reproductions of assorted change. And as a pleasant surprise bonus to our readers, we present at the right, a perfect reproduction of a five dollar bill.



A WORD OF CAUTION:
Check your copy of HUMBUG at the newsstand—the rascally newsdealer may have cut out your $5.00 bill for himself.

☆ ☆ ☆ THE HUMBUG AWARD ☆ ☆ ☆



Dedicated to the people t.v. surveys have polled, whose preferences have done so much for television, this page honors

He Who Didn't Watch Sid Caesar

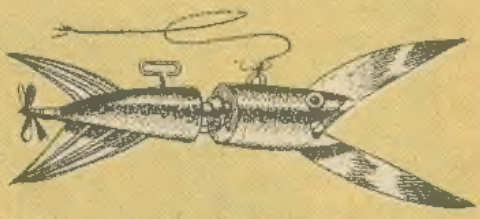
HUMBUG HERO OF THE MONTH

Ebenezer Scrooge Jacob Marley JUDGES

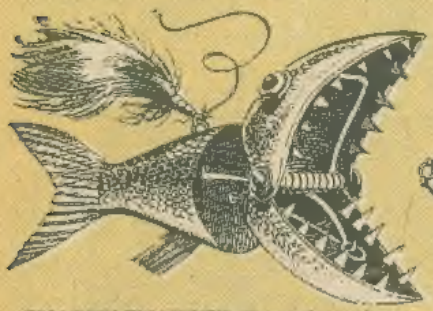
FISHING LURES

Here is a collection of the latest devices available to fishermen now hard at work on our lakes and rivers, outwitting fish.

SLIMEY EEL. The lure that won't give a sucker an even break.



SILENT MARAUDER. For crowded areas, runs about cutting other fishing lines.

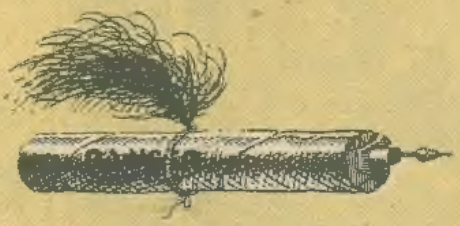


SNAPPY SNAPPER. Power jaws clamp on contact. Do not use in bath areas.

THE SPOON. An old favorite that has withstood the test of time.

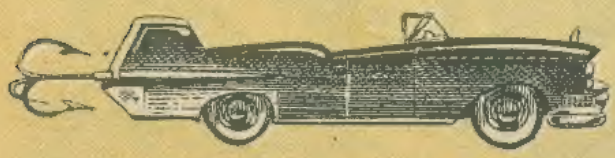
THE FORK.

TASTY TIDBIT. Synthetic. Looks, smells, tastes real. Can be eaten.

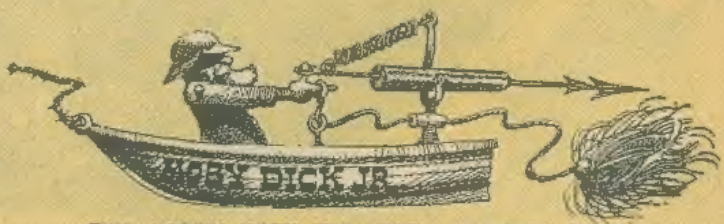


LIL' DYNAMITE. Explodes underwater. You'll empty lake with this'n.

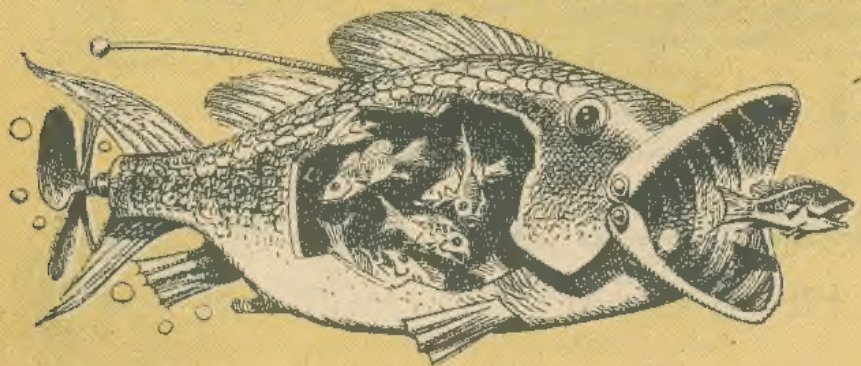
MINE. Fires in all directions.



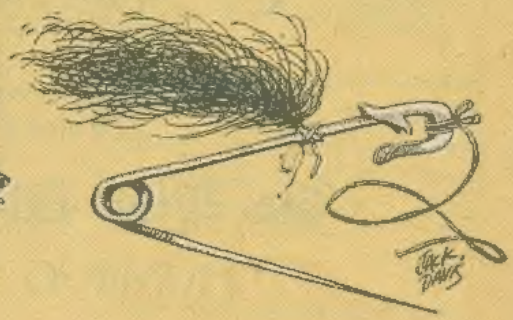
THE FISHTAIL. Lure without equal for attracting big fish. They actually fight to be first to get on.



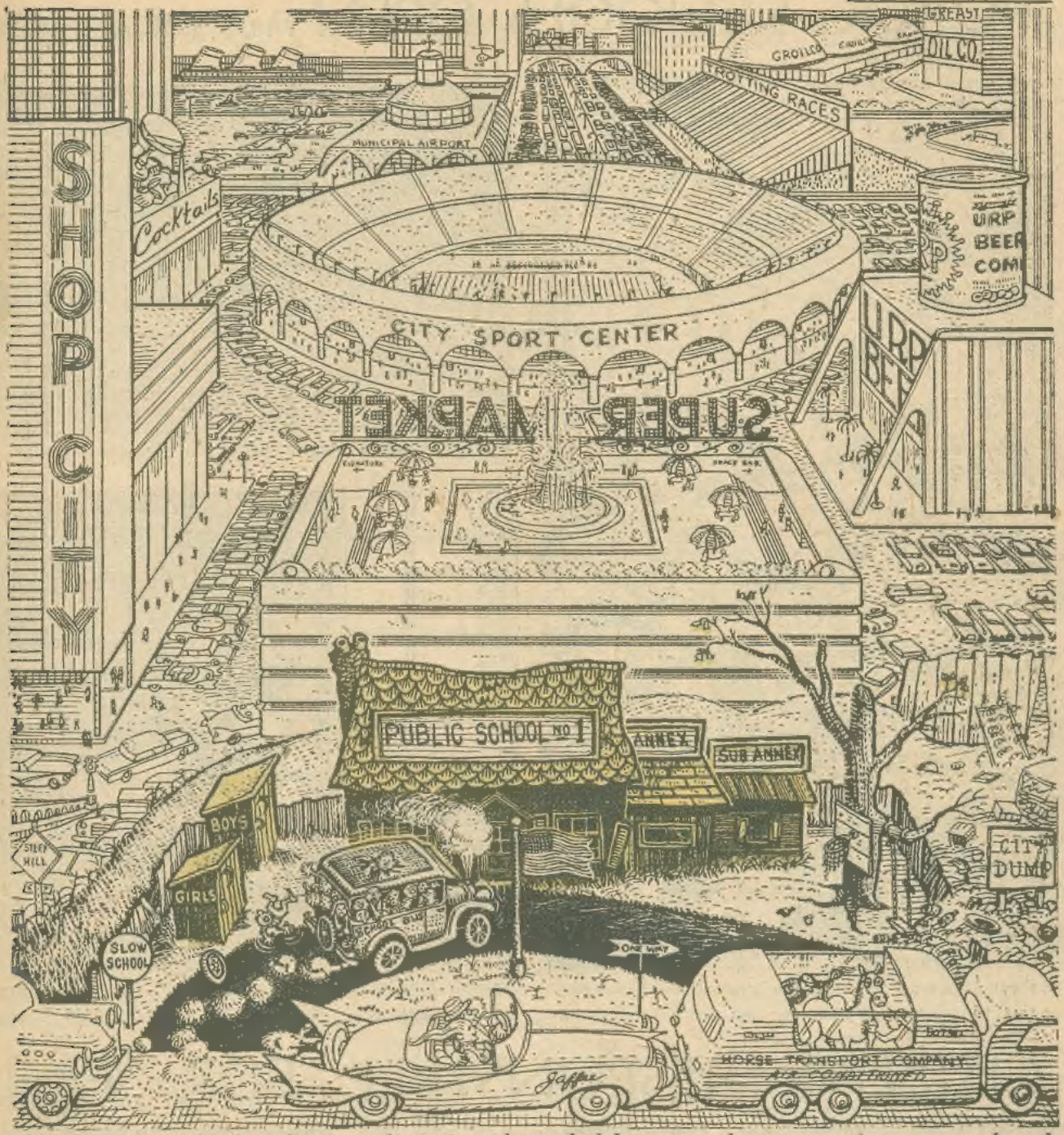
THE MOBY DICK. Fish nibbling at colorful fly releases powerful harpoon that catches him between eyes.



NIKE LURE No expensive rod, reel, here. Propels itself, swallowing all fish in its path. Returns. 6'—15'—30' sizes.



HOOKEY SPECIAL. Created by schoolboys. Works where others fail.



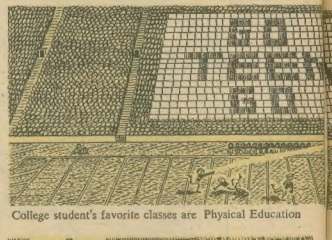
Our hope of the future lies in the children gaily returning to school.

BACK TO SCHOOL

This promises to be the most enjoyable school year for the kids yet. Happy rough and tumble classes will be afforded by overcrowded classrooms and busy busy teachers who will have little time to inhibit children. Teachers taking after-school jobs to supplement pay will have no time to create or check oppressive homework. Budget slashes and paper shortages will cancel a good part of annoying written tests. Following pages show more of the joys of today's school life.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPEN *these will be typical happy school scenes.*

The shortage of teachers means that students will have more free time to independently explore and learn on their own.

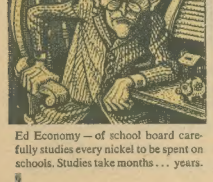


College student's favorite classes are Physical Education and "Saturday Afternoon Spelling."

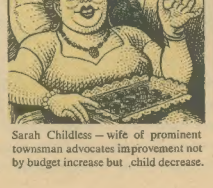
Typical schoolday starts with pledge of allegiance. A full and complete dossier is kept on the half-hearted performers.

Inexpensive teacher wishes she'd paid attention when she was going to school.

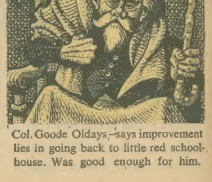
CITIZENS RESPONSIBLE FOR FINE SCHOOLS



Ed Economy — of school board carefully studies every nickel to be spent on schools. Studies take months . . . years.



Sarah Childless — wife of prominent townsman advocates improvement not by budget increase but child decrease.



Col. Goode Oldays,—says improvement lies in going back to little red schoolhouse. Was good enough for him.

B. Z. Parent—typical eager citizen is eager to join PTA and help, how ever is always too busy — BUT EAGER!

PRIVATE SCHOOLS OPEN

For those who can afford it, we present a directory of specialized private schools where individual attention will be dispensed as lavishly as your money.

ATTEASE MILITARY ACADEMY
Est. 1491

We take today's boys and make them into tomorrow's men. We prepare students for all colleges who then will make them right back into today's boys. Academic subjects include polo, swimming, tennis, horse-riding, etc. Applicants need not be rich—merely wealthy will do. Graduates now big men in Army, National Guard and Delicatessen business. Inquiries:
Slaughter-On-10th Ave., Cornedbeef-On-Rye, N. Y.

inter-mingle

Boarding School
Rich parents: The clean, safe way to rid yourself of your children, leaving you free to marry whenever and whomever you please. Your children's names sent to you periodically—lest you forget.
Top-O'-Pike's Peak, Colorado.

UNCTUOUS
School of Advertising
Get with it in advertising. Learn to think off top of head. Get some rock-bottom slants you can try on for size. Give us the ball and we'll put you over the old goal line. Student uniform of grey-flannel a must. "The world of ad loves an Unctuous lad." Catalog:
Unctuous, Flushing, Long Island.

HACKNEY
School of Acting
Complete dramatic coaching in the Stanislawski method with Tab Hunter overtones. Learn to act sleepy, sloppy, slur your words, etc. Extra courses for the ladies in cheese-cake. **Director: Seymour Barrimore, Minsky's, Passaic, N. J.**

Prof. BORGIA'S School of Reform

For bad, rich children, equipped for all punitive measures, with particular attention to the individual.
Vault 137, Ft. Leavenworth, Kan.

PRECIOUS
SCHOOL OF INTERIOR DESIGN
Professional instruction in designing, draping, furnishing and overcharging. Complete list of junk shops and other sources of inspiration. Learn our Dogma of What is Good Taste. **Grant's Tomb, N Y C**

BOMBASTIC

School of Art
Est. 1921
Learn to paint naked girls right in class. Faculty of leading artists includes naked girls right in class. Accomplish still life, landscape, etc., with naked girls right in class. **Write to:**
Typical Student Work
Naked Girls, Philadelphia 7, Pa.
(Right in class)

Mademoiselle Tapps' Academy of the Dance

A must for young ladies about to come out and young men already too far out. Ballet, interpretive, tap and one o'clock rock.
Mlle Tapps
All instructors approved by Vermont Medical Association. Write: Goes, Ohio. (Above Whelans)

KNOTTY-PINE
Secretarial School

Typical Student

Do you wish for success in the business world? Expert instruction in shorthand, lap-sitting, make-up, misspelling, etc. Guidance and placement service plus chart of all Unemployment Compensation offices.
Suite 3, 3rd Armory, Chicago, Ill.

INSTITUTE OF DIETETICS
Dieticians are in great demand at schools, hotels, etc. Special attention to planning popular large-quantity meals with emphasis on pizza, popsicles, etc. Learn to fee-split with neighboring physicians.
Write: P.O. Box: Lunch, N.Y.C.

Runny nose bothers many

Watery eyes often annoy

Some get skin eruptions

Sneezing bothers most

Everyone will be affected this year by . . .

HAY FEVER

Scratch Test reveals the cause of allergy so that treatment can be given.

This is the time of year when hay fever suffering reaches its peak. Many victims feel so bad they'd gladly welcome the removal of their entire head to gain a cure. This of course would involve dangerous and costly surgery.

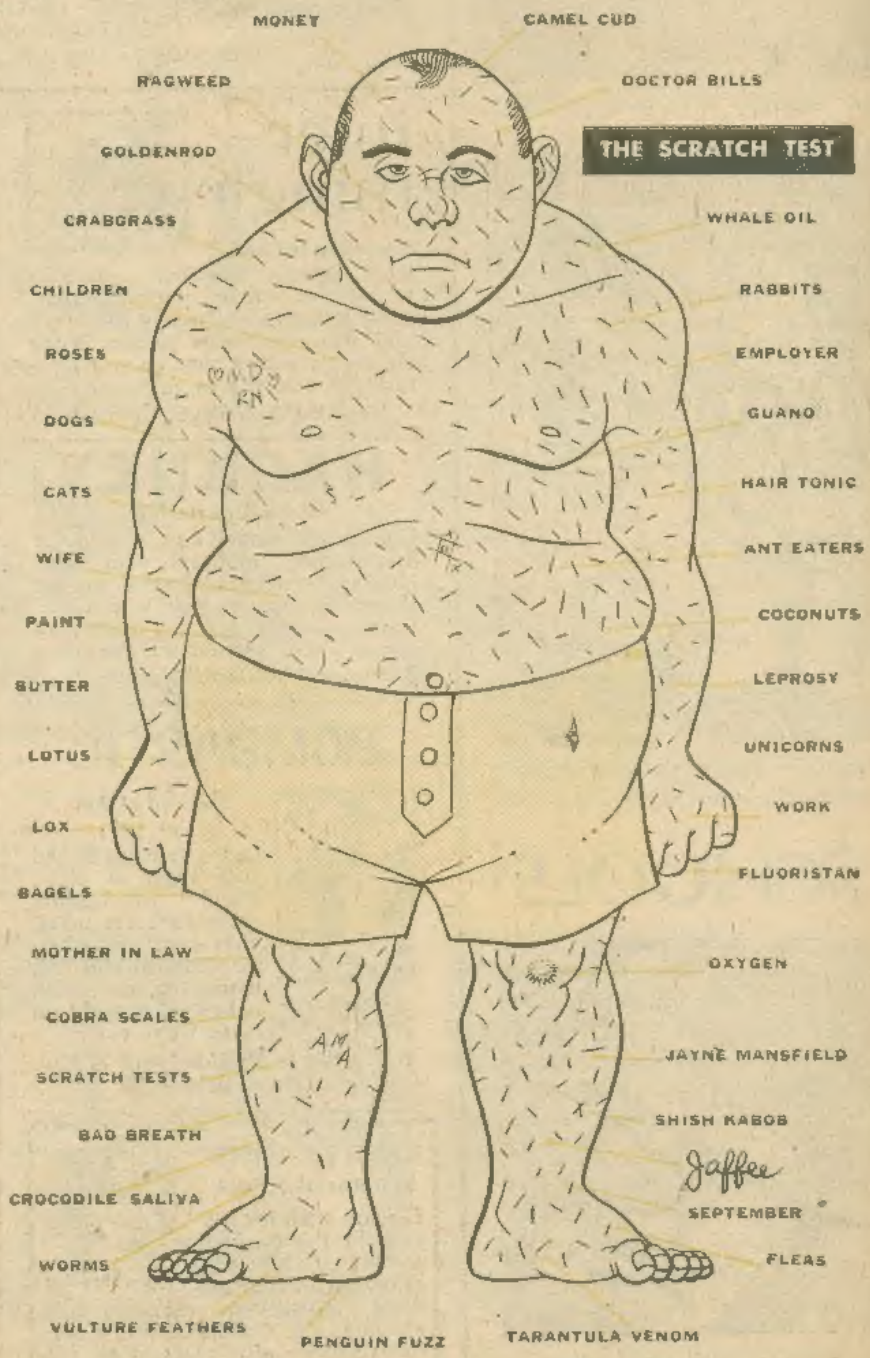
However things aren't entirely hopeless. There are two important things to help the sufferers.

First, there's the daily pollen count published as a public service by the newspapers. This clearly tells just how much suffering each day will bring. It is important to know this because . . . well . . . ah . . . ahem.

Second, there's the Scratch Test.

In this test, substances that the patient may be allergic to are scratched into the skin. The patient's reaction to a substance can reveal the allergy. The patient then needs only to stay away from this substance to gain blessed relief from sneezing, etc. The list of substances runs into the thousands and of course one might *prefer* sneezing to the scratch test.

The diagram at the right illustrates how the scratch test works.

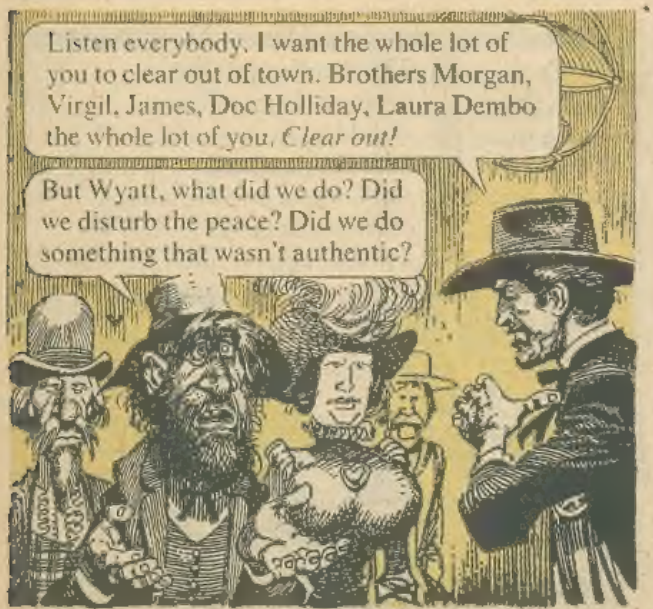


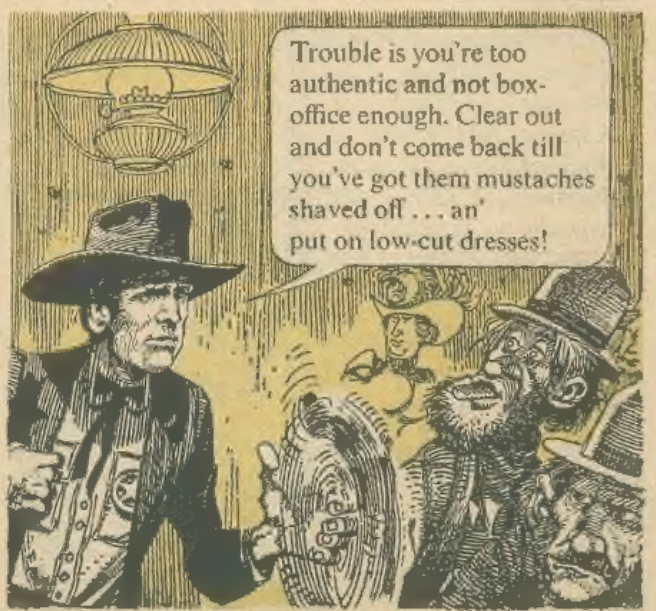
NOTE. The welt raised on left knee means that the patient is allergic to this substance and must stay away from it at all and-any costs.

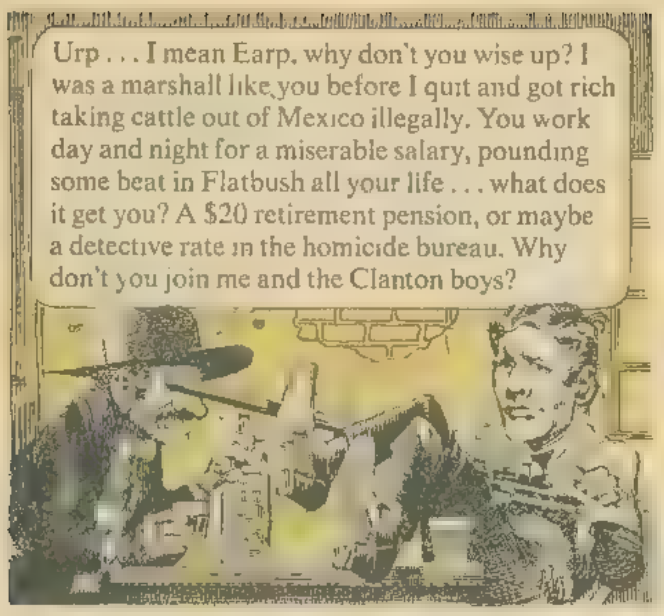
I hear you been settin' here looking for trouble and yellin', "Earp! Earp! Earp!" Well I'm Wyatt Earp, cowboy. Now what is it you want?
You got me wrong, Marshall. I wasn't yelling "Earp!" I was yelling "Urp!"
It's this seltzer I been drinking!
FIZZ WATER

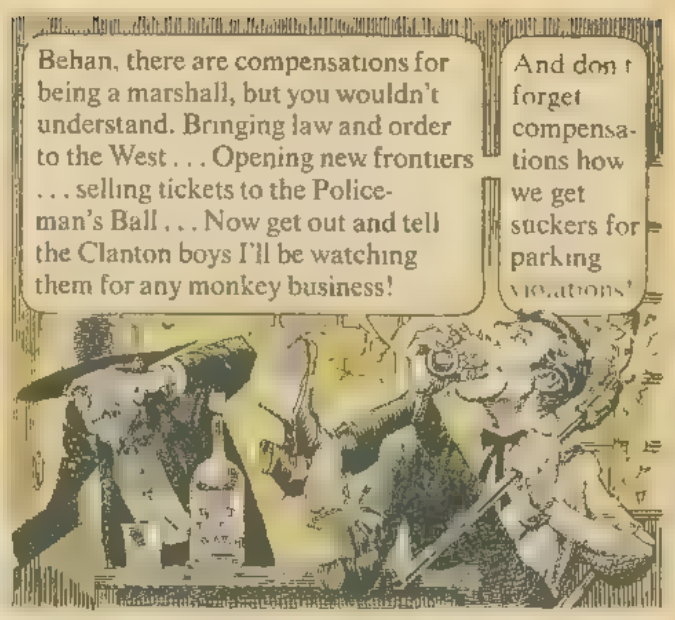
A.P.B. ON THE M.O. AT THE O.K. CORRAL

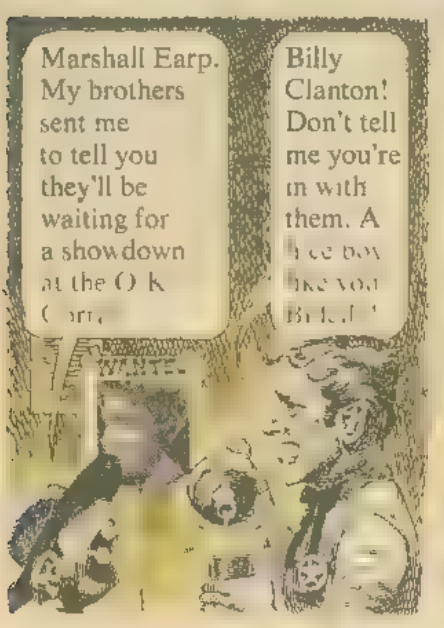
Full of abbreviations . . . mainly of gunmen's lives, this cowboy saga based on authentic history gives old situations new twists. For instance the situation where the picture opens and three bad guys come riding into town with worst one in the middle? . . . In this picture, worst one rides for a while to the side.

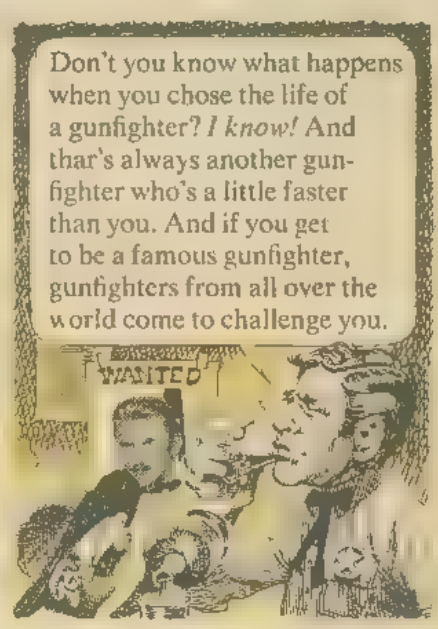

Listen everybody. I want the whole lot of you to clear out of town. Brothers Morgan, Virgil, James, Doc Holliday, Laura Dembo the whole lot of you. *Clear out!*
But Wyatt, what did we do? Did we disturb the peace? Did we do something that wasn't authentic?

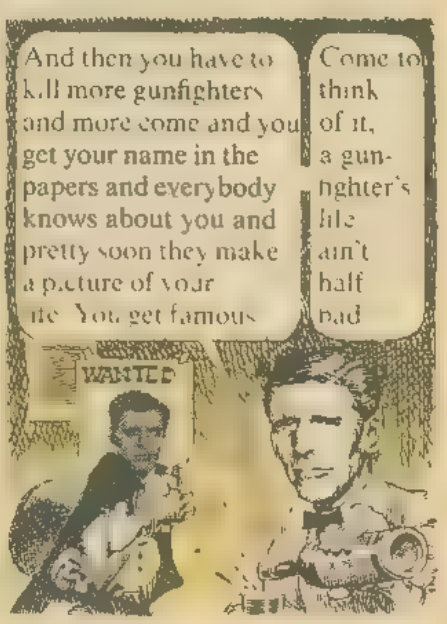

Trouble is you're too authentic and not box-office enough. Clear out and don't come back till you've got them mustaches shaved off . . . an' put on low-cut dresses!

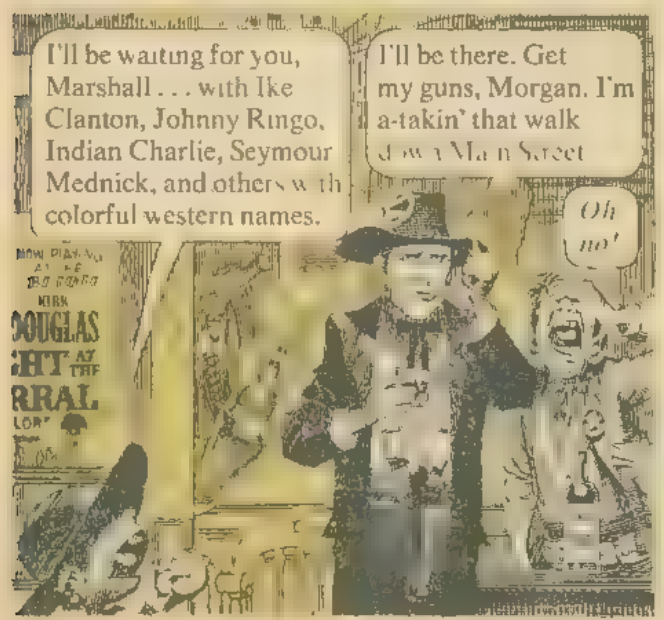

Urp . . . I mean Earp, why don't you wise up? I was a marshall like you before I quit and got rich taking cattle out of Mexico illegally. You work day and night for a miserable salary, pounding some beat in Flatbush all your life . . . what does it get you? A $20 retirement pension, or maybe a detective rate in the homicide bureau. Why don't you join me and the Clanton boys?

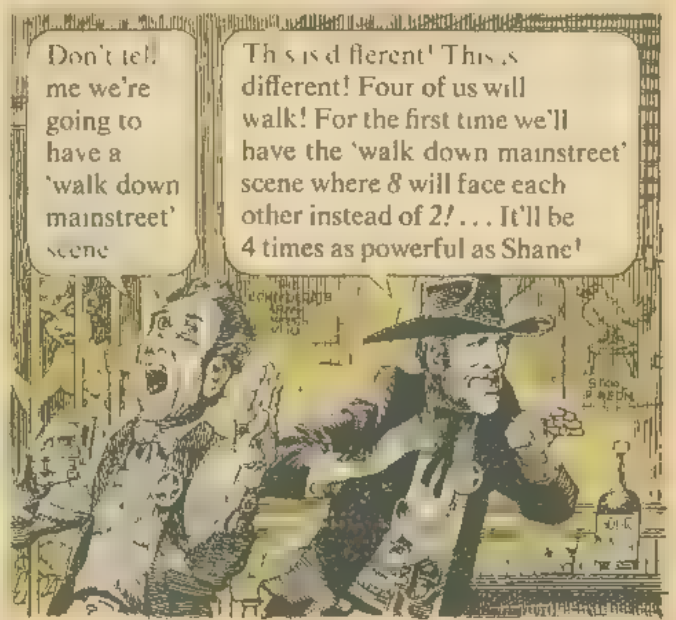

Behan, there are compensations for being a marshall, but you wouldn't understand. Bringing law and order to the West . . . Opening new frontiers . . . selling tickets to the Policeman's Ball . . . Now get out and tell the Clanton boys I'll be watching them for any monkey business!
And don't forget compensations how we get suckers for parking violations!

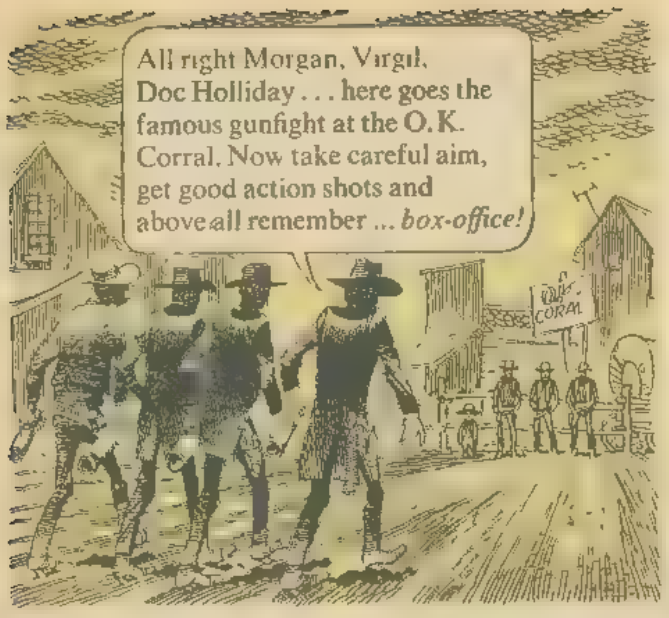

Marshall Earp. My brothers sent me to tell you they'll be waiting for a showdown at the O.K. Corral
Billy Clanton! Don't tell me you're in with them. A nice boy like you
WANTED

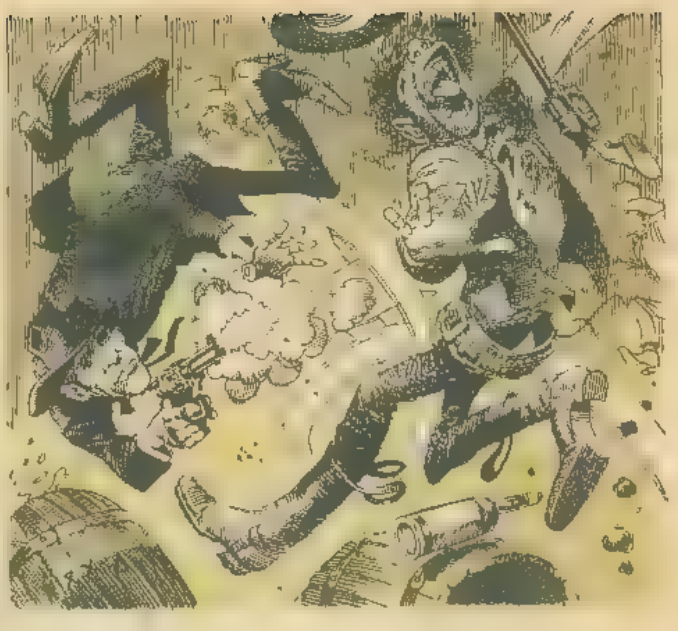

Don't you know what happens when you chose the life of a gunfighter? *I know!* And thar's always another gunfighter who's a little faster than you. And if you get to be a famous gunfighter, gunfighters from all over the world come to challenge you.
WANTED


And then you have to kill more gunfighters and more come and you get your name in the papers and everybody knows about you and pretty soon they make a picture of your life. You get famous
Come to think of it, a gunfighter's life ain't half bad
WANTED

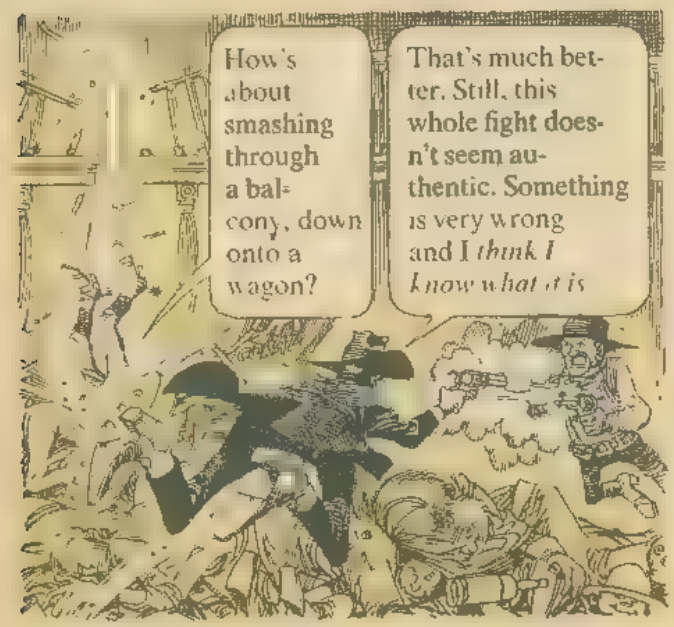

I'll be waiting for you, Marshall . . . with Ike Clanton, Johnny Ringo, Indian Charlie, Seymour Mednick, and others with colorful western names.
I'll be there. Get my guns, Morgan. I'm a-takin' that walk down Main Street
Oh no!
KIRK DOUGLAS
RRAL


Don't tell me we're going to have a 'walk down mainstreet' scene
This is different! This is different! Four of us will walk! For the first time we'll have the 'walk down mainstreet' scene where *8* will face each other instead of *2*! . . . It'll be 4 times as powerful as Shane!


All right Morgan, Virgil, Doc Holliday . . . here goes the famous gunfight at the O.K. Corral. Now take careful aim, get good action shots and above all remember ... *box-office!*
O.K. CORRAL



Hey! Wait a minute you. What kind of dying is that . . . falling quietly down? No crashing through boxes? No smashing through windows?


How's about smashing through a balcony, down onto a wagon?
That's much better. Still, this whole fight doesn't seem authentic. Something is very wrong and I *think I know what it is*

I think the proper spelling of 'O K' is really 'okay'!
Who says anyone is killed? Haven't you noticed how all through the picture, everyone keeps slugging whiskey?
Not only that . . . Everyone didn't get killed in real gun fight at O K Corral
Lesh all lay here in the road an shleep We'll be good aszh new in the morning

RADIATION

There is much controversy over dangerous radioactive fallout. Some think no danger exists—others disagree. We have interviewed people as to their views in an effort to heighten your confusion.

PRO

Dr. Werner Mednick, a specialist in atomic chiropody at the atomic laboratories in Los Alamos, says, "People who say radiation is deteriorating living tissue are only showing their small minds." Picture shows him with his brother and pet dog 'Tiny'.

Daddy Warbucks, Industrial tycoon: "People who say fallout will adversely affect heredity and future generations are nothing but a bunch of pacifist panty-waists!" Mr. Warbucks is shown in his palatial bomb shelter with 10 year old son, Aardvark.

Hugh Fitz-Fitzfitz, a license-plate maker says, "As long as none don't fall on me—I don't care."

Kabuki Hashahasha, a Japanese fisherman, before sailing on a fishing trip, says, "Ever since they no make war movies showing Japanese bad guys, Americans are good friends, and wha sa riddle splosion 'tween friends? Is not disturbing our inscrutable, oriental calm."

CON

Dr. Werner Shapeless, specialist in atomic-pediatrics at the atomic laboratories in Los Alamos, says, "I work with radio-activity and I see definite signs that fallout rapidly deteriorates living tissue. It looks to me like the whole world is shrinking."

Halyard Gritts, Congressman of Louisiana, is quoted as saying, "I think it's just terrible, what with this here fallout droppin' down. Ah'm agin' it! Ah'm agin' anythin' that jist drops down on *everybody* in such a undiscriminatin' manner."

Hiram Walker, grass-roots voter, shouts, "I don't pay no mind to them science fellers. They should get out oncet and a while amongst the chickens an' hogs. But ever since my cows have been giving root-beer, I'm beginning to take another think on it."

Kabuki Hashahasha, newly returned Japanese fisherman, says, "It rooked rike rain in cherry blossom lane. Kabuki not catch any fish but U. S. State Department gonna catch hell I think is definite possibility of disturbing our inscrutable, oriental calm."

A HUMBUG BOOK CONDENSATION

Pagan Place

BY GRACE MAYTELLONUS

Grace Maytellonus, a new novelist, whose real name is Lawrence Siegel, lifts the lid off a plain, small, average, depraved, sordid, corrupt, perverted New England town.

The plain, small, average New England town of Pagan Place reclined like a hot, passionate woman in the late morning sun. On Maple Street, the Kensing house stood naked to the sunshine. From its rosy-red shingles to its well-rounded roof, it almost cried to be taken. Behind the window shades, which hung like sensuous lids, in her upstair room, young Alice Kensing was dressing to go out.

Alice Kensing was like any other 14-year-old in a plain, small, average New England town. She was the image of her beautiful mother, Cornelia . . . also intelligent and God-fearing. Of course, there were a few little things in her background, which might have made her slightly different from others: her parents had never married, her sister was burned at the stake as a witch, and her brother was jailed for an abortive assassination attempt on the Governor. But aside from that, Alice could have been any vivacious teen-ager who dressed, left the house, and hurried down Main Street

Past the City Hall she walked, past the cannon, and past the court house, where Clayburn Frazer was sitting with his cronies, engaging in idle village gossip.

Clayburn Frazer was like any other elderly citizen who sits in front of a court-house in a plain, small, average New England town. Except, perhaps, for one minor thing: he headed a syndicate that smuggled questionable Eskimo women into the country for some of the state's more lively dairymen's sales conventions. He was often chided by the authorities about this, but being a typical stubborn Yankee, Clayburn usually ignored them. And so he chatted with his companions that lazy morning, while idly shying rocks at Rusty, the village mongrel.

Rusty was like any other mongrel in a plain, small, average New England town, save for one in-

significant item in his background that might be mentioned in passing. On his mother's side, Rusty was one of the few living descendants of the original Werewolf of London. And thus, once a month, at the stroke of midnight, his fangs would grow, he would froth at the mouth, and he would go out and mutilate a first-born son of some prominent Pagan Place citizen. As she walked past Rusty, Alice thought sadly of the handsome young cousin she had lost to the unsuspected dog.

Alice walked two miles on Oak Street and found herself in the poor section of Pagan Place — where the hut people lived. She went up to the hut of her friend, Helena Kross, and knocked on the door. Helena's father, Lucifer Kross, opened the door. He was dirty, hairy, bearded, drunk, doped, smelly and profane.

Lucifer Kross was like any other hut dweller in a plain, small, average New England town. His entire existence had been tainted by one incident in his youth. When he was five, a hungry beggar had stopped him in the street and had asked him for food. Instead of kicking him in the stomach as his father had taught him to, little Lucifer, without thinking, had given the man a bite of his ice cream fudgicle. That seemingly harmless gesture of good, which he had never forgotten, had marred Lucifer's otherwise completely evil life.

"Is Helena in, Mr. Kross?" asked Alice.

"She's outside feeding the pigs," said Lucifer. "Care to come in and wait for her? You'll have to excuse me, though, I'm in the midst of messing up the hut."

As Alice sat reading a soiled magazine, Lucifer busied himself in the hut. He took down all the dishes and neatly smashed them in a corner. He drank two bottles of beer and unerringly crashed a mirror and a window with each bottle.

"No matter how hard a body works," he said, stopping to mop his forehead, "he still can't get a hut properly messed. Say, Alice, mind if I violate you while you're waiting?"

"I'd rather you wouldn't," said Alice, without looking up. "I'm wearing a new dress."

Lucifer took two steps toward her, but something inside stopped him. "Just as you say, Alice," he said. Doggonit, he thought, I wish I knew how to get rid of that blamed streak of good that creeps up inside me. He ran into the bedroom and slapped his sleeping son, Joey, on the head with his hairy, dirty hand. After that, Lucifer felt a little better.

As Alice sat reading, she heard a train whistle off in the distance. Being a citizen in a plain, small, average, New Engand town, Alice naturally knew *EVERYTHING* that was taking place, or was about to take place in the village. Thus, she knew that Tom Mattress, the town's new school principal, was arriving from New York on that train, and that he was supposed to call Lester Harrigan, chairman of the school board, as soon as he arrived.

Tom Mattress was tall, muscular, and had an air of sexual magnetism that women found irresistible. "So this is Pagan Place," he mused, stepping off the train.

As Sam Willetts, the 73-year-old porter picked up his bags, he said to Tom: "Don't forget to call Lester Harrigan."

Three other people stopped Tom before he was out of the station.

"Give Harrigan a ring," winked Bessie Hildrith, the waitress from the coffee shop.

"Phone Harrigan," signaled Herb Cotton, the deaf mute, with his fingers.

"Don't forget to contact Harrigan," said Leo Beiten, a hobo who was in town for a few days waiting to catch a freight.

As Tom was about to step into a taxi, Alice's mother, the widow Cornelia Kensing, approached. Tom liked her looks. He knew that her golden hair would one day soon be spread out on a pillow next to his. And surprisingly enough, she knew that he knew. But what she didn't know was that he knew that she knew that he knew.

A week later as they stood on the terrace outside his room, with her golden hair spread out on a pillow next to his, she asked him, "How do you like Pagan Place?"

"Rather a strange town," said Tom Mattress, chewing her ear lobe. "When are you going to marry me?"

She liked the way he chewed her ear lobe. "Not until Alice gets a little older," she said. "She's at a dangerous age now, and I'm a little worried about her."

"I'll wait," said Tom, biting her big toe.

She liked the way he bit her big toe. "Tom," she said, her breathing suddenly rapid, her voice husky, "there's something I'd like you to do right now."

"You mean . . ."

"Yes . . ." she whispered. "Call Harrigan."

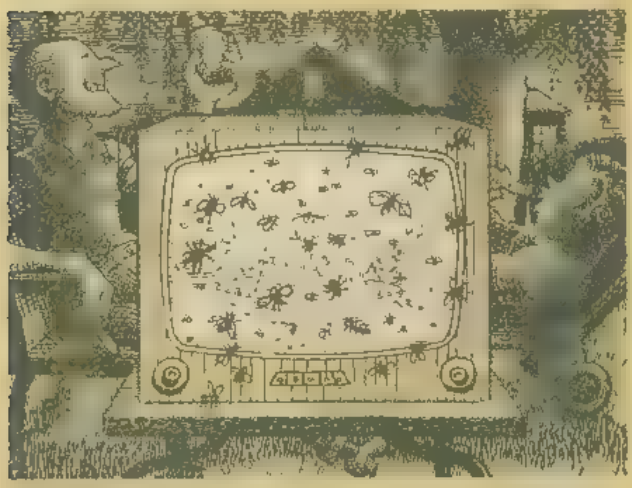
continued on page 28

"Stand-ins!"

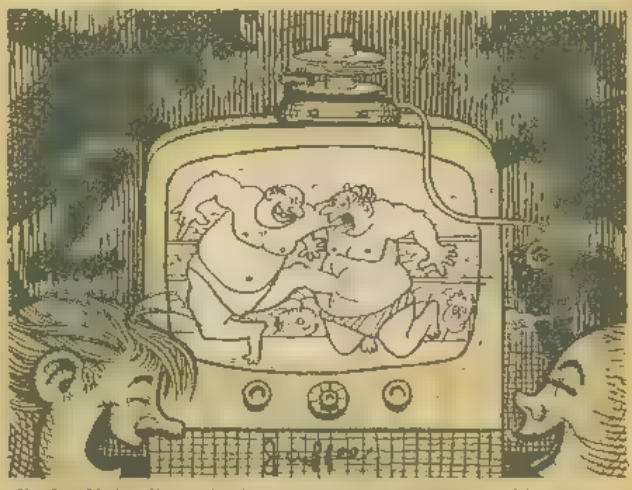
TELEVISION

TV SUMMER REPLACEMENTS

Summer replacements are very popular on TV. Here are examples showing which type shows were so popular this summer, and why.



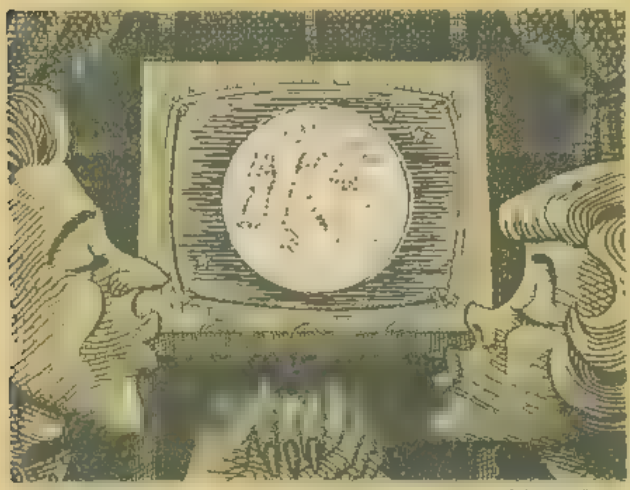
HOME MAKING. Many sets were rolled outside and tuned to food shows to attract bugs away from people.



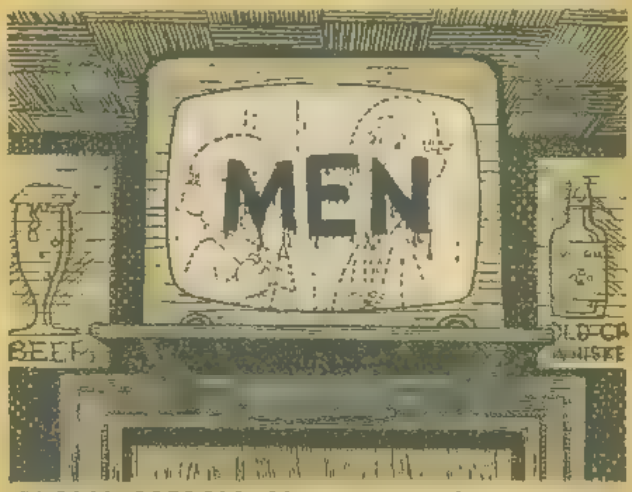
DANCING. Record players when plugged into TV phonopacks, tuned to wrestling, set fine rock and roll mood.

EDUCATION. Brightly staged shows provided excellent illumination for use as outdoor reading lamps.

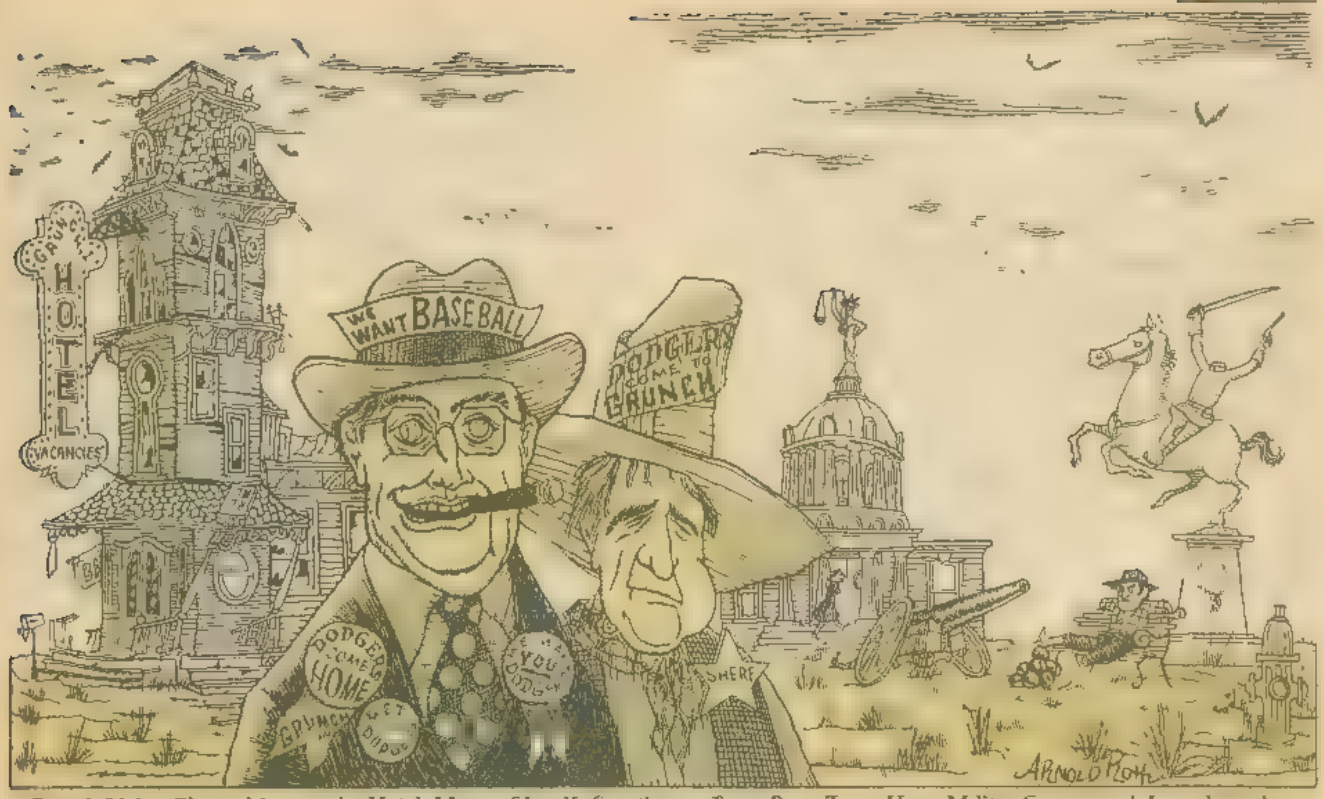
KIDDIE SHOWS. Shadow picture games proved great fun as players cleverly talked back to commercials.



ROMANCE. Dull dreary evenings were avoided when cardboard cut-outs over screen produced lover's moon.



PUBLIC SERVICE. Message painted on screen is easier to read. Good taste governs type of show tuned in.



Grunch Idaho. Pictured here is the Hotel, Mayor, Sherrif, Courthouse, Town Bum, Town Hero, Militia Cannon and Town Fire-plug

Baseball minded town of Grunch makes attractive proposal for

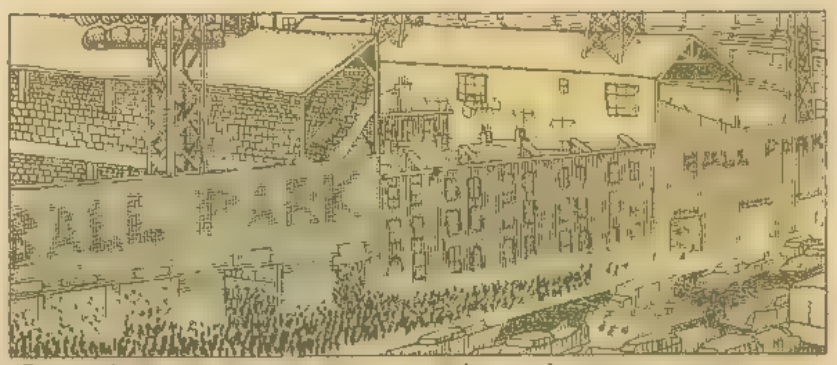
NEW HOME FOR THE MAJORS

Typical of cities vying for a major league franchise is Grunch, Idaho (above) Grunch officials, promising required improvements, have approached all 16 major league teams.

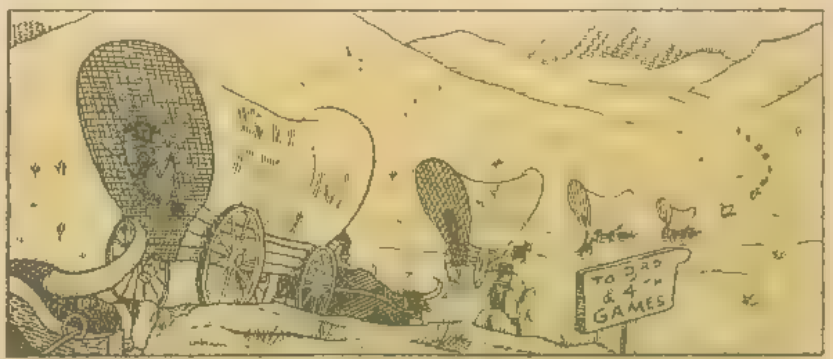
Baseball owners are studying a move to tax-free Grunch with heavy hearts because of strong powerful ties of loyalty to home town fans ties which can be speedily shifted to any other richer home-town fans.

Although the Brooklyn Dodgers are the most interested, there is a chance all 16 teams will move to Grunch.

On this and through the following page, we show through 5 comparisons, some of the ways Grunch intends to become a happy home-town for baseballdom.

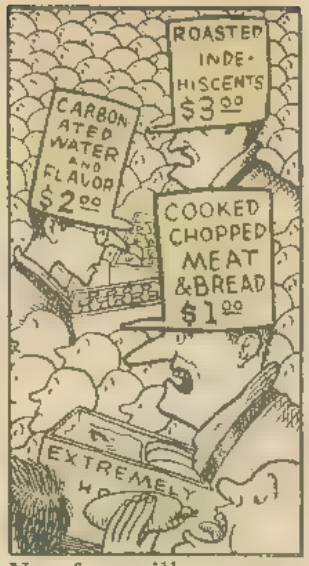


Present ba[illegible] parks sites usually mean [illegible]ttle traffic revenue at Series time

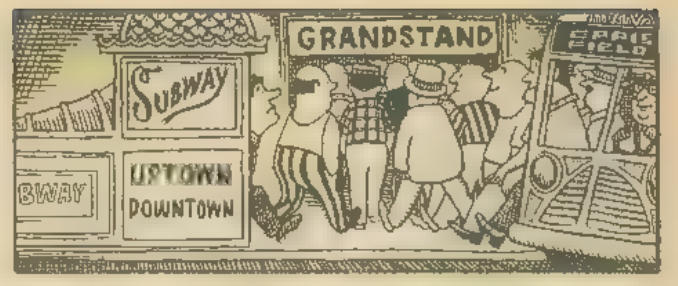


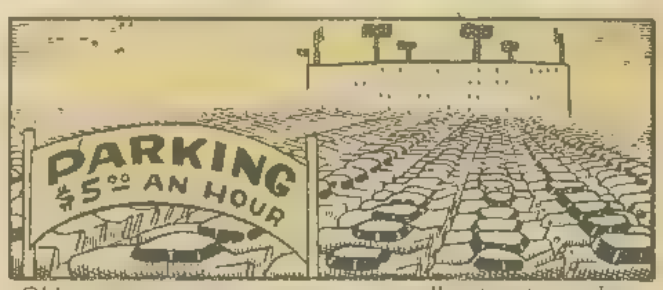
Longer journey by team-owned vehicles will yield owners small extra dollar

Old fans consume common, vulgar, overpriced victuals.

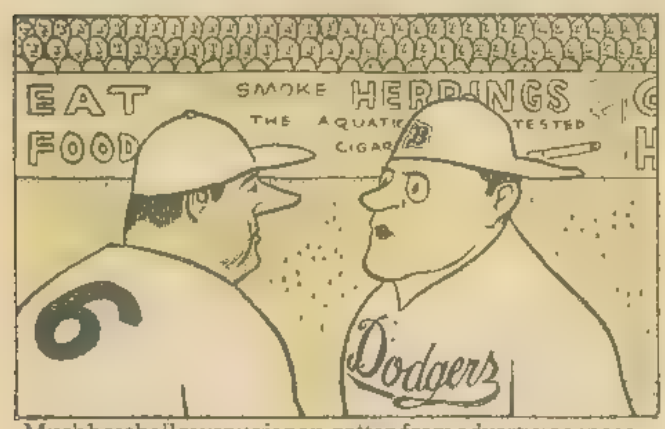


New fans will pay more for fancy refreshments

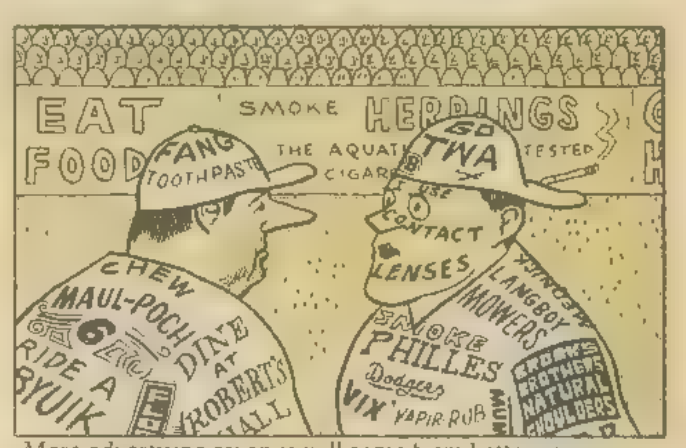




Old stadium transportation is usually direct car less
New stadium will profit mainly at extra inning games

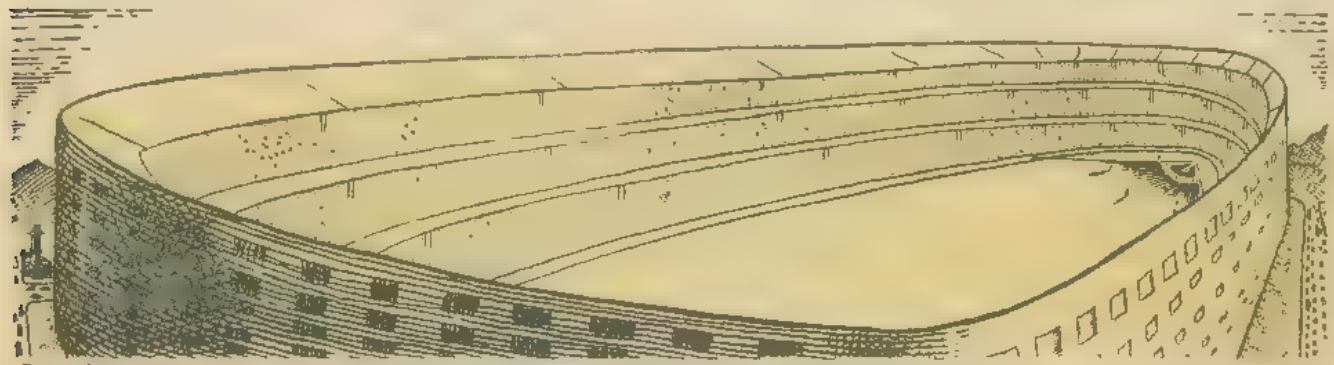


Much baseball revenue is now gotten from advertising space.

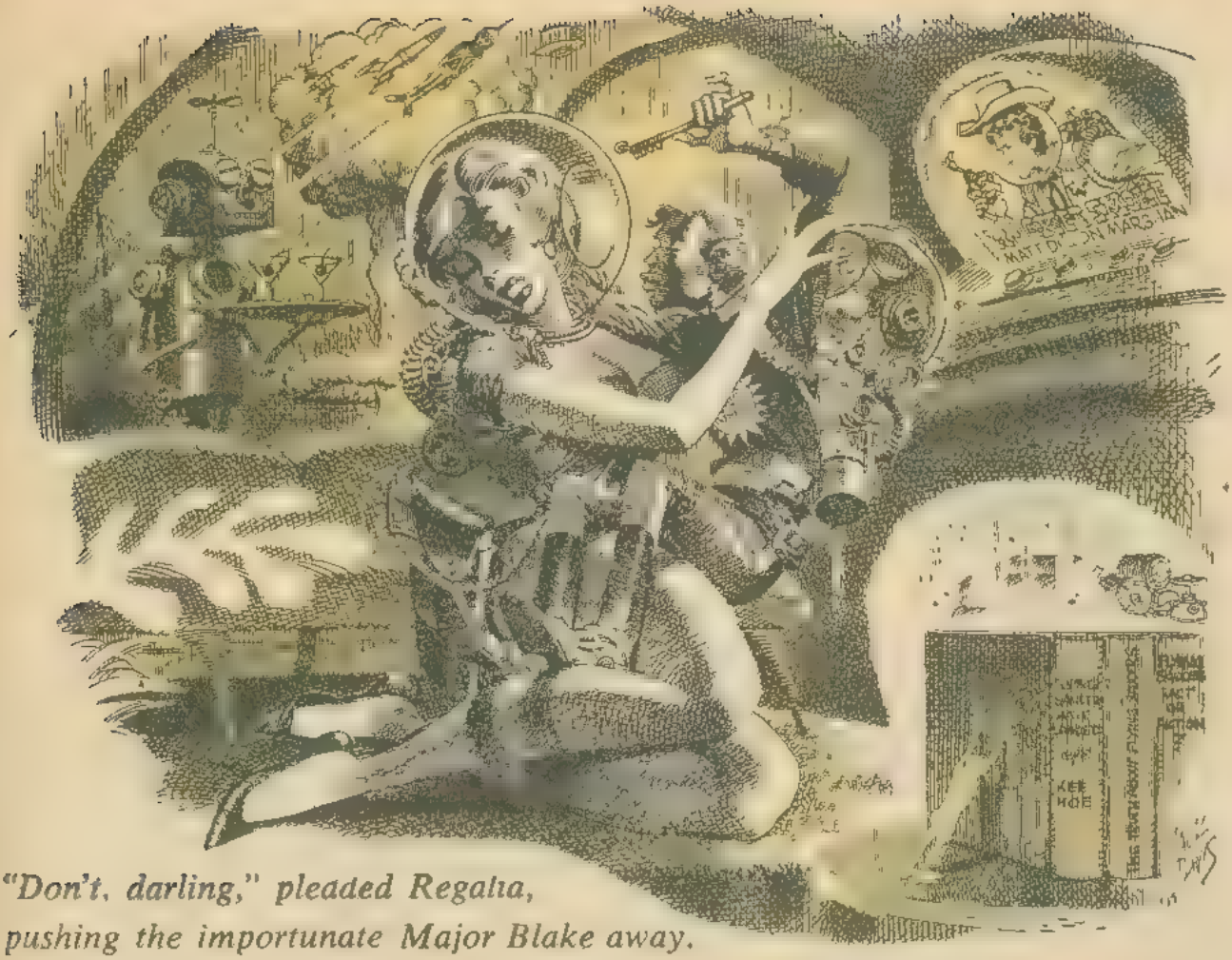


More advertising revenue will come from better space use.

In present stadiums all of the spectators can see the game but seats are usually provided for only 30,000 people.



Grunch stadium's vast arena will seat 250,000, perhaps not in sight of, but certainly in radio range of game.



"Don't, darling," pleaded Regalia, pushing the importunate Major Blake away.

GET OFF MY GALAXY

A gripping tale of inter-galactic intrigue, with its cold passions, hot formulae, and total diplomacy.

BY IRA WALLACH

THE STORY THUS FAR. Willard Blake, young major in Terra Intelligence, has made contact with two footloose Venusian symbiotes, Glyph and Phlogm. Glyph and Phlogm agree to cooperate, but they have a chemistry based on hydrogen. Can they be trusted? Blake has brought this information to the President of the United States. In the middle of the interview, Blake realizes that he is speaking to the President's synthomaterialization, and not the real President. Blake does not know that this is the work of Terra Intelligence. Meanwhile, Regalia, a young woman of the Institute of Psychogenic Relationships, meets Major Blake. They fall in love. Regalia discovers that Styrth, a secret agent from the planet Scorbo in Galaxy VI, is operating on Terra. She and Blake meet at a State Department dance to which Regalia is the only girl invited. A messenger arrives.

* * * *

"Major Blake?" inquired the messenger.

Reluctantly, Blake loosed Regalia from his embrace.

"I am Blake," he telepathized.

"A message from X-A-54, top secret." He handed Blake the message. Blake turned off the automatic messenger, and opened the envelope. A cry of delighted surprise escaped him. "Regalia," he said, a grim smile on his face, "this is it! Dag MacArthur has taken Sartog 16!"

"We are safe!" cried Regalia, oblivious of her lead shield which had become disheveled. "Un-

less—." Her voice drifted ominously away.

"He has left a holding force," said Blake, "and now he is on his way in a small space cruiser to Lettuce Inn, his Venusian vacation resort."

Blake watched the lunar reflections in Regalia's hair as she strolled to the end of the verandah. "Darling," she turned to say, "I must see Zorar. Zorar will have the answer."

* * *

Barf Zorar, diplomatic representative from Adenoid III to Terra, tucked his tendrils under his anterior gills. Then he extended his finely chiseled head from its crustaceous envelope. "Regalia," he said, "you have come to see me about Glyph and Phlogm."

Regalia stiffened. She was always taken by surprise when the superior telepathy of Adenoid III anticipated her. She would have to speak to the President about this. "Quite right, Zorar," she agreed.

Zorar was silent a moment. Then he murmured, "I have news for you. Styrth is on Terra!"

"Styrth!" Regalia's usually full mouth became a grim line. Styrth, the most notorious agent of Galaxy VI, a sleek and insidious bivalve with a chemistry based on silicon, was Terra's most dangerous enemy. Like many other Sixth Galactans, Styrth was auto-reproductive so that the number of Styrths present in any situation could double at a moment's notice. "Then that explains—!"

"Exactly," said Zorar. Then he smiled faintly and repeated an old Venusian proverb, "Scratch a telepath and you'll find a symbiote."

* * *

"Don't, darling," pleaded Regalia, pushing the importunate Major Blake away. "Not now, please."

Reluctantly, Blake buttoned his magnetic field reversor.

She held out her hand tenderly. "We must wait, dear. After we solve the President's synthomaterialization, things will be different." Her eyes held a promise.

Blake sighed. "What did Zorar say?" he asked.

"Styrth is on Terra," she answered, her voice low. "In Philadelphia."

"At the Statler?"

"Yes."

"And Glyph and Phlogm?"

Regalia's eyes became hard and cold. "One of them is Styrth," she whispered.

Blake's breath caught in his lungs. "That means you're in danger, Regalia!"

She rushed into his arms and put her cheek against his. "Oh, darling," she whispered, "don't worry about silly little me." She did not tell him that she herself was going to Philadelphia on orders from Terra Intelligence, Denier 52.

* * *

The room clerk in the Statler looked up to see a young woman wearing the badge of Terra Intelligence. "Yes, madam?" he inquired respectfully.

"Where can I find Styrth?"

"Under the esses," replied the room clerk, flipping through the futuro-flexion registry. "Room 608."

Regalia went to the expansion tube and shot herself up to the sixth floor. After a moment in the decompression chamber she stepped into the hallway and made her way to the room. The door was open. Inside, Styrth lay coiled around one leg of the bed, his flippers detumescent, and his scales irradiating the shortwave violet which signifies sleep in Scorbonians. She waited patiently until Styrth awoke.

When he opened his eyes, Regalia spoke quietly but with authority. "Regalia, Terra Intelligence," she said, introducing herself.

"Styrth, insidious agent, planet Scorbo, Galaxy VI," he replied

"The masquerade is over Styrth." Regalia smiled coldly. "We have already been advised that in the course of auto-reproduction you have assumed the material form of either Glyph or Phlogm."

Styrth uncoiled lazily and yawned. He seemed quite unconcerned. "It is quite true," he said, "that I have passed myself off as an agent of the astroid planetoid Adenoid. But what," he hissed, "do you intend to do about it?"

Slowly, Regalia played her trump card. "I gather that you have not heard the news." She stared at him as she spoke. "Dag MacArthur has taken Sartog 16. Goliak 22 is safe."

Styrth stiffened momentarily, but he soon regained complete control of himself. His grin was ostentatious. "We will soon see about that, my dear."

* * *

Major Blake strode into Zorar's room. Then he blushed and started to withdraw. "Sorry, old man," he said. "Didn't mean to disturb you in the middle of your ecdysis."

"Not at all, not at all," said Zorar good-na-

continued on page 32

A special Humbug report on the state of our nation's

HIGHWAYS

Summer travel reached a new peak this past year. So did the griping. Professional troublemakers and cranks are screaming that our highways are dying of traffic congestion. This is true. It isn't that we're not getting new roads. We are, but while they're being built so are millions of new cars, and the roads become obsolete as soon as they're opened. But there is hope for the future as the following pages will show.

HIGHWAYS OF YESTERDAY . . . *most*

Highway marking has been illegible, disorganized, and unnecessarily confusing.

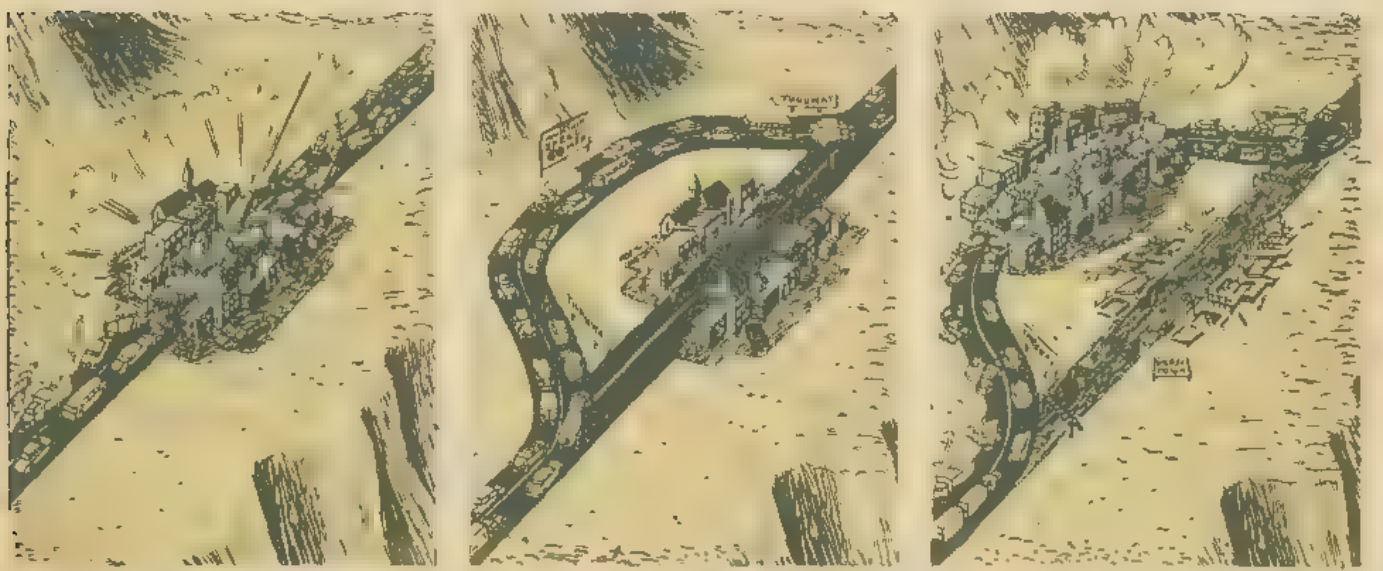
Bad marking of highways is shown above. Intersection is a tangle of signs and traffic.

Good marking. Lovely, easy to look at signs harmonize and blend nicely into surroundings.

highways designed years ago did not anticipate today's traffic problems.

Highway planning and design has been inadequate and often non-existant.

Bad highway planning takes road through town creating tangle of traffic, cars and bodies.



Good planning takes road around town, which loses business. Moves to rejoin road.

HIGHWAYS OF TODAY ... *electronics and radar are doing much to modernize today's arteries.*

This nostalgic scene is all but gone

TODAY billboards like these are gone from roads.

Police can no longer hide and pounce on prey

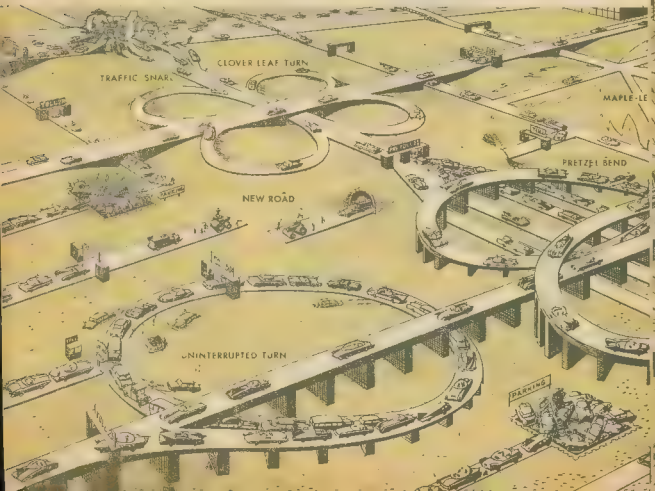
Today unfair drivers can see cops, will not speed.

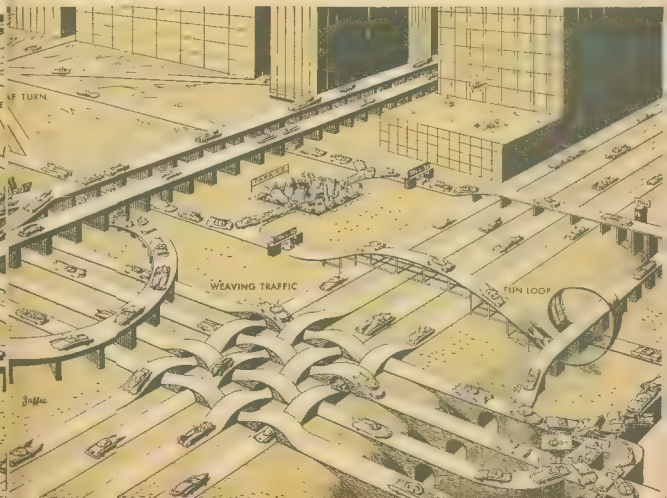
TODAY, lawless policemen gone, driver speeds up.

Hidden radar sights and secretly reports misdeed.

Once again police zoom happily to pounce on prey.

HIGHWAYS OF TOMORROW ... *with all the bugs ironed out, motoring public can look to carefree travel on miles of flat bugs.*





continued from page 14

Being a plain, small, average New England town with citizens who had slight discrepancies in their background, Pagan Place naturally had its share of bad days. But when the sun rose on August 19th that year, the village was to experience its baddest day ever.

It started about 6:00 a.m. with a forest fire in the woods surrounding the northern part of town. Then at 7:30, a monsoon, the first in New England history, struck and destroyed 12 houses. This was followed in turn by a brief earth tremor.

"This looks like it'll be one of the baddest days we ever had here," said Cornelia to Tom, as they walked down Main Street. Tom could see by the glow in her eyes that she was extremely excited about it. It was pride, town pride, something which Tom had to learn about in his new surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. Kard stopped them. "Hello Cornelia, Tom," said Mrs. Kard. "Isn't this the baddest? Our cat fell in the well, and our little boy broke his arm.

Tom and Cornelia nodded and walked on.

When they passed in front of the courthouse, they heard Clayburn Frazer and his companions discussing the badness of the day. "Mark my word," said one, "it'll break all records."

"Maybe so," said Clayburn. "Hey, did you hear about Burt O'Hara? Jumped off the roof and broke his neck."

"When did it happen?" asked Sam Willetts.

"About 11:30 last night," said Clayburn

"It don't count! It don't count!" yelled Sam.

"Hold on," said Clayburn. "He didn't die till after midnight."

Tom and Cornelia crossed the street and went into City Hall, where the Mayor and the city fathers were tabulating the day's bad happenings on a large board.

They quickly found some seats and for nearly eight hours they munched popcorn and watched new fresh statistics being posted. At 10:00 p.m., a hush came over the audience, and the Mayor got up to speak: "Friends of Pagan Place, you will be happy to know that we have shattered old badness records with a display of good bad far superior to any of the best bad of the past."

A fresh murmur and patter of applause filled the room, when suddenly the Mayor shouted, "Wait! Ladies and gentlemen, I have just this second received a message that something bad has happened, which was even badder than the baddest thing that happened all day . . . And not only that (he raised his hand to still the swelling roar) . . . not only that . . . but there's a rumor that right now there's an even more still yet badder thing in the making!"

The cheer was deafening.

An hour later, the bad day seemed to be ready for history, and Tom and Cornelia went home. They arrived at her house a few minutes before midnight, completely exhausted. "Thrilling, wasn't it, darling?" said Tom.

"Yes," she replied. "I'm a little tired. I'll run right in. Good night."

As Tom was about half-way down the block, he heard Cornelia calling after him. He stopped and she came running up. She was holding a piece of paper in her hand, laughing and crying at the same time.

"Tom," she said, nestling against his shoulder, "guess what? My daughter, Alice, left me a note. She ran away from home! She hates me and this whole town! She's never coming back!"

They stood that way for a moment, locked in happy embrace, and soon Cornelia spoke again.

"Darling," she whispered reverently, "this has been truly the baddest day *EVER!*"

Alice Kensing sat looking out the window of her Greenwich Village apartment. For three years now, since she had left Pagan Place, she had been trying to write, but without success. Now she realized why.

Her fingers fumbled, as she quickly dialed Bart Holm, an agent friend of hers. The phone hummed, then clicked into connection.

"Bart? Alice. Bart, I've got it now. I know what I've been doing wrong. I've been trying to write about big city life — a subject that's still foreign to me. I think I can write a truthful, hard-hitting book about the life I know . . . a book the world is waiting for . . . a book which by showing humanity the dark, will help lead it into the light. I want to write about my home town . . . the sordid life there . . . the illicit affairs . . . the wild drinking . . ."

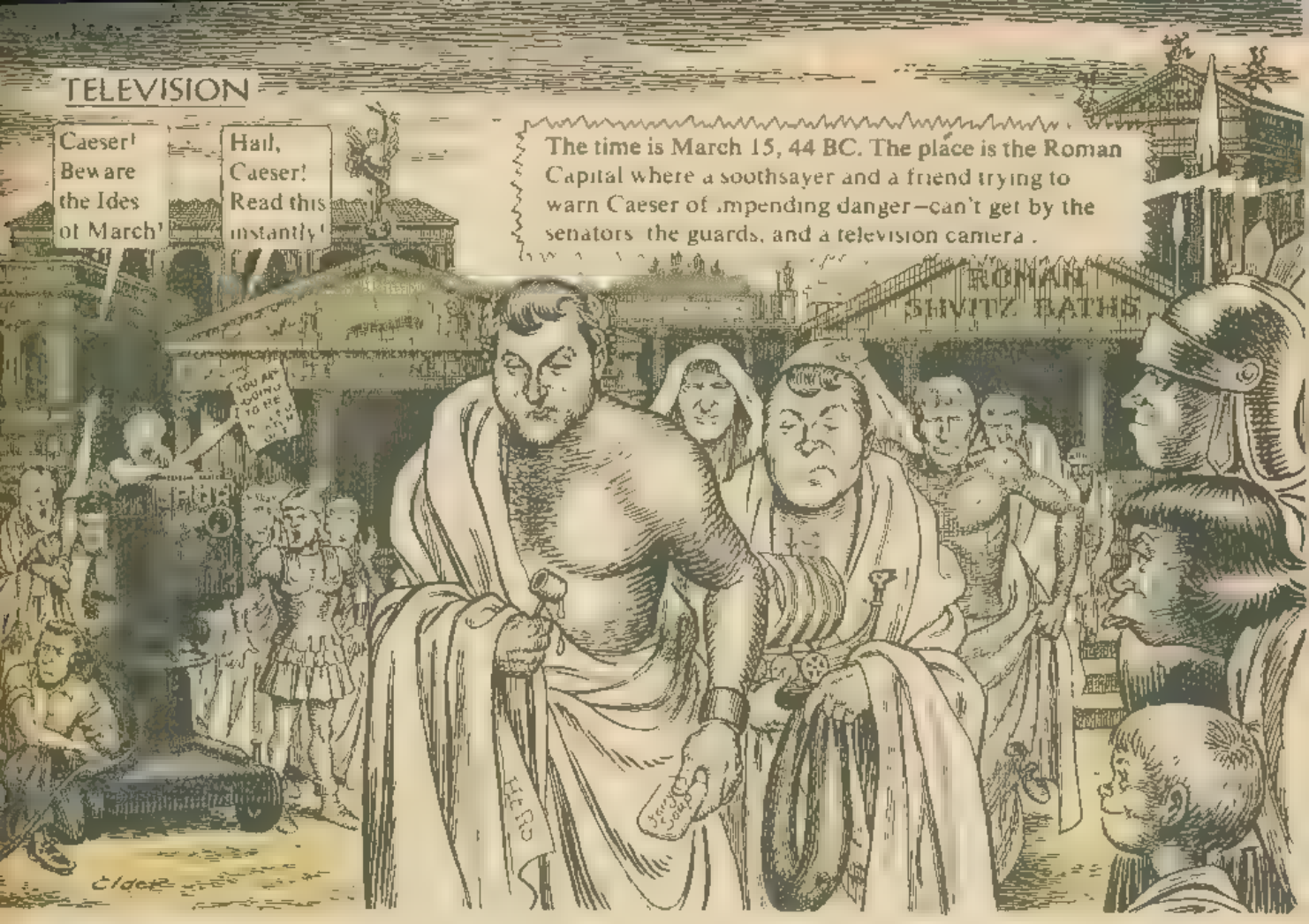
"Sounds wonderful, Alice," said Bart. "When are you going to start?"

"Monday morning," she said. "I want a few days to think it over."

"My wife and kids are at her mother's for a week, and I have a case of scotch that's dying to be killed. How about thinking it over at my summer place?"

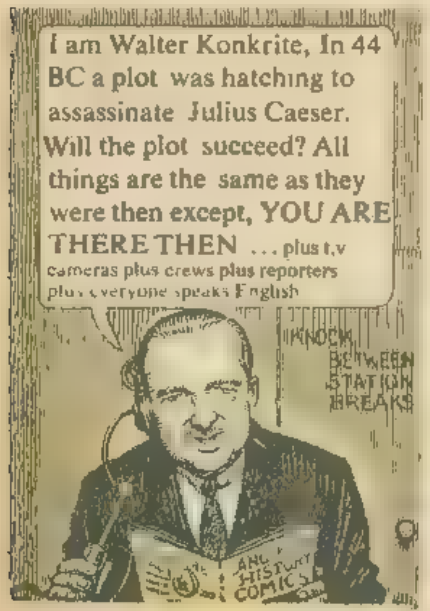
"What time will you pick me up, Bart?"

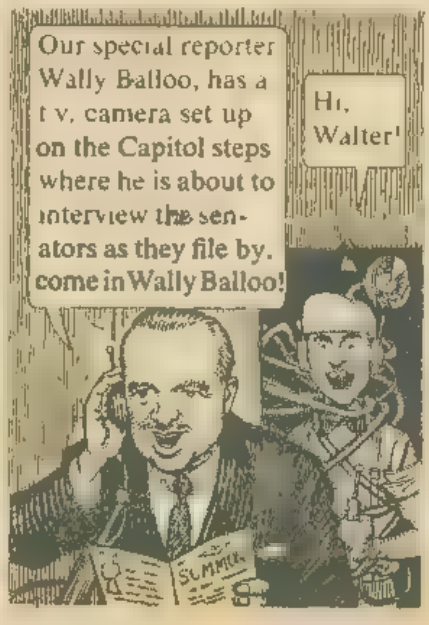
END

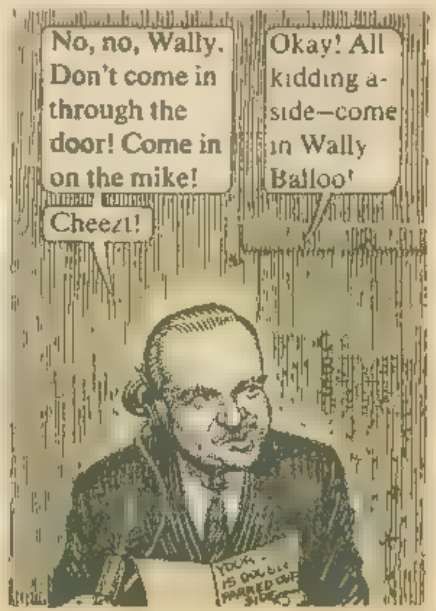

Caeser! Beware the Ides of March!
Hail, Caeser! Read this instantly!
The time is March 15, 44 BC. The place is the Roman Capital where a soothsayer and a friend trying to warn Caeser of impending danger—can't get by the senators the guards, and a television camera.
ROMAN SHVITZ BATHS
HERO
Elder

YOU ARE THERE THEN

This show takes on the task of mixing education with entertainment. Through the use of more and more entertainment, education is less and less difficult to absorb. This can be made a first-rate television show by the use of still more entertainment and complete elimination of the educational stuff.


I am Walter Konkrite, In 44 BC a plot was hatching to assassinate Julius Caeser. Will the plot succeed? All things are the same as they were then except, YOU ARE THERE THEN ... plus t.v cameras plus crews plus reporters plus everyone speaks English
KNOCK BETWEEN STATION BREAKS
AND HISTORY COMICS


Our special reporter Wally Balloo, has a t.v. camera set up on the Capitol steps where he is about to interview the senators as they file by. come in Wally Balloo!
Hi, Walter!
SUMMIT


No, no, Wally. Don't come in through the door! Come in on the mike!
Okay! All kidding aside—come in Wally Balloo!
Cheez!!
YOUR IS DOUBLE PARKED OUT SIDE

this better Walter? We are standing on the steps of the Roman Capitol Julius Caeser has just gone inside. And here comes Caeser's good friends Brutus and Cassius . . . Let's see if we can talk to them.
Excuse me, Brutus, sir
Yes—what is it?
SENIOR SENATOR
I wonde. if you'd care to comment on today's meeting in the senate, sir?
Well I'll vote for lower taxes
I wonder if you'd care to comment on the plot?
er the tarrif should be raised —I'm for Rome First!
but what about the swords you have hidden under your togas?
the budget should be balanced before anything
SENIOR SENATOR
But today is the Ides of March. the day you murder Caeser
Say . . . are you a lobbyist. boy?
Well, for some reason, Brutus and Cassius have moved swiftly away and into the Capitol where we have reporter Leonard Bill standing by. Come in Leonard Bill!
This is Leonard Bill on the floor of the Roman senate. The session has started. Metellus Cimber is addressing Caeser
great Caeser
Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Speak hands for me.
Wait a minute! There seems to be some trouble. Yes . . . they're beginning to kill Caeser! Let's see if we can get our mike in there!
Excuse me senator Casca I noticed you were the first to stab Caeser Would you mind telling our audience why you are doing this?
Why, not at all Caeser has grown too powerful He is a tyrant and must die.
One more thing, sir. Could you describe the sword you are using to kill Caeser?
—a stabbing sword very popular here . . . marvelous for in-fighting and for short effective jabs of the type you see demonstrated here
. . now if you'll excuse me I'm very busy
Thank you, sir. Now perhaps we can move in closer and get a word or two from Julius Caeser to see what he thinks about all this.

Caeser!'. . . Julius Caeser! I wonder if you have any comment on what's going on here. Could you please say something for our t.v. audience?

Et tu, Brute!

'Et tu Brute' . . . eh. For our audience's sake, sir, I wonder if you can tell us what that means?

'Et tu Brute' is Latin for 'and you Brutus', meaning, of course, that I am disappointed to find Brutus, who I thought was a friend, stabbing me in the back.

. . . You'll have to excuse me now. I'm terribly busy.

Caeser, with the conspirators following him has staggered over to the statue of Pompey. If he doesn't die pretty quick, we're going to run out of air time!

Let us move to a vantage point where we can describe the action without getting too bloody.

Brutus is speaking.

Stoop Romans, stoop and let us bathe our hands in Caeser's blood up to the elbows and besmear our swords.

They're smearing their hands in blood now. There's blood all over. This is disgusting. I think you'd better come in Walter Konkrite.

ONE MOMENT PLEASE

Bathe their hands in blood up to the elbows? Don't they know this is television and that we subscribe to the television code?

T.V. CODE SUBSCRIPTION FORM SAVE $2.50 IF YOU MAIL NOW

And so, Caeser is murdered by Brutus, Cassius, Decius, Metelus Cimber and Lawrence Welk. All things were the same as they were then except . . . YOU WERE THERE THEN.

YOUR CAR IS TRIPLE PARKED OUTSIDE

However . . . you are NO LONGER THERE THEN. But wait a minute! They are no longer there *either! They* are *here!*

But I shall soon be *there!*

Who said the senate hearings doth be open?

They hath been closed sessions!

Speak hands for me!

THE BLACK SPOT

continued from page 22

turedly. "You may stay."

"Where is Regalia, Zorar?"

"I do not know Major Blake. But I do know that Styrth has left Terra."

"What!"

"Exactly. And since he is either Glyph or Phlogm, Glyph or Phlogm has also left."

"In other words," said Blake, his heart pounding, "Styrth has kidnapped Regalia and taken her to Scorbo."

"You must see the President at once," said Zorar.

* * *

Dag MacArthur stood before the map in the briefing room, pointing with his atomic swagger stick. "Brooklyn," he said, "is relatively safe as long as Saturn is immobilized, and we can expect neutrality from by-passed Venus. However"—and he made a wide sweep with the stick until it passed the third, fourth, and fifth primaries—"as long as we are faced with the threat of Scorbo and their allies in Galaxy VI, we can not say that the Atlantic coastline is secure. We must strike first. Blake!"

"Yes, sir," snapped Blake, leaping to his feet.

"Blake, you will lead in the Herbert Hoover. Proceed at a speed of four light years after accelerating thirteen gravs per millisecond."

"Roger, sir," said Blake, turning to the flagship.

* * *

In three days the carboniferous outlines of ragged Scorbo took shape. Blake could feel the detector rays as they deflected from the monitor screen. "We've been observed," he murmured to his second-in-command, a young Adenoidal navigator named Smithphlug. Suddenly the Hoover lurched and lost 26 gravs. Blake strode to the intercom and called the engine room. "Schlesinger!" he shouted. "Check the fission integrator!"

"In order, sir!"

The Hoover was losing gravs steadily. The pressure dropped.

"Gravity reversor!"

"In order, sir," came the reply in Schlessinger's boyish voice.

Blake glanced at the directional shield. "We'll be in the path of Yerlo 12 any moment," he shouted. Then he rushed to the engine room. "Quick, Schlesinger, the magnetic field interceptor!"

With trembling fingers he and the engineer worked. The pressure dropped further. Rapidly they weakened. De-oxygenation was setting in. "Hold on, Schlesinger," gasped Blake. "Hold on!"

"I can't, sir, I can't!" Schlesinger's voice was hoarse and he gasped for breath.

"You've got to, man!" Blake's fingers trembled. Then young Schlesinger made a supreme effort and staggered over to help with the wrench. At last, the gravi-bolt tightened, and the magnetic field reversor hummed its tune.

The Hoover picked up gravs and sped on its way to Scorbo.

* * *

Five hours later the Armada lay off the capital of Scorbo. A landing party was distributing trinkets to the natives. In Blake's arms lay Regalia, a little pale from her experience, but happy. "As soon as I saw the first protonic wash from the field interceptor," she murmured, "I knew you were coming."

"Baby," he answered, his heart throbbing against her lead shield, "you'll never know how I felt when I saw the detector rays deflected from the monitor screen." He kissed her passionately. The glucose content of his bloodstream mounted. He had a chemistry based on Regalia.

* * *

"Blake," said the President of the United States, rising from his chair, "you and this young woman have done a notable service."

Regalia blushed.

"It gives me pleasure," continued the President, "to award you both the Cosmic Citation!"

Solemnly the President pinned the protons to Blake's and Regalia's chest. The Cosmic Citation —highest honor in the land!

* * *

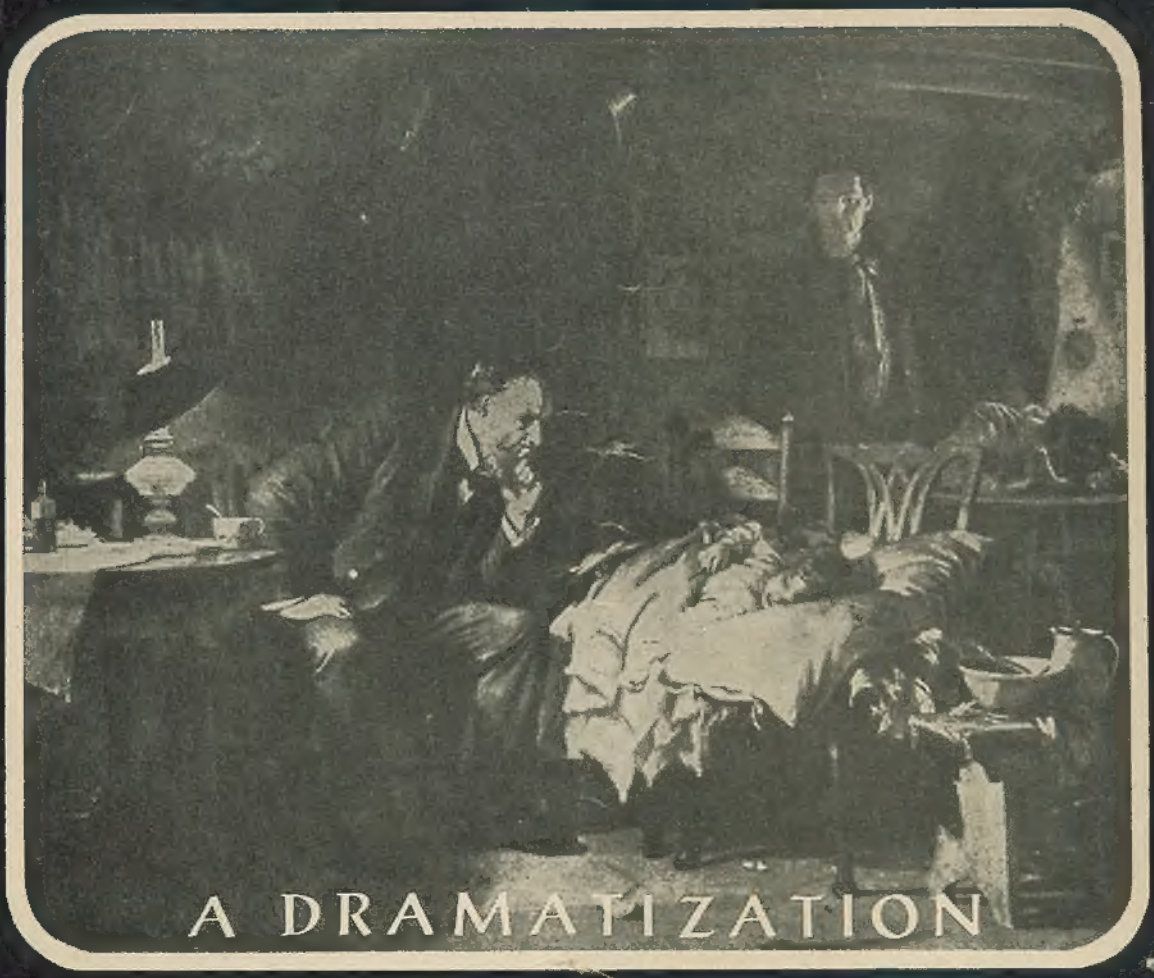
Not far from the White House, under a blooming cherry tree, Blake sat with Regalia in his arms. "Darling," he said, "do you suppose the President realizes that he is speaking to our syntho-materializations?"

"Perhaps, dearest," she replied, "and perhaps not. But I have you and you have me. And my syntho-materialization has your syntho-materialization, and your syntho-materialization has my syntho-materialization!" She snuggled close.

"What more could any man ask?" said Blake happily.

* * *

On Scorbo, 42,000 light years away, Styrth laid an egg. END



"What this child needs is a copy of HUMBUG!"

Yes . . . Mother, Father, also Doctor need copies of HUMBUG.

Humbug is great for the waiting room, doc. Good for business. It makes patients sicker.

PLEASE ENTER MY SUBSCRIPTION TO HUMBUG. I AM ENCLOSING $2.00 FOR THE NEXT FOURTEEN ISSUES.

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

SEND TO HUMBUG, 598 MADISON AVE., N. Y. 22, N. Y.

A new kind of deodorant
bane
rock an rolls on!
They have deodorants that smear on, that spray on, and that kind-of crawl on. But our deodorant is the best because it has a ballpoint and it rock and rolls on.
Oops! There's one thing we forgot! Bane doesn't take away smell.
Bane's
ball point writes underwater
Refills
Kitchy koo
Elder